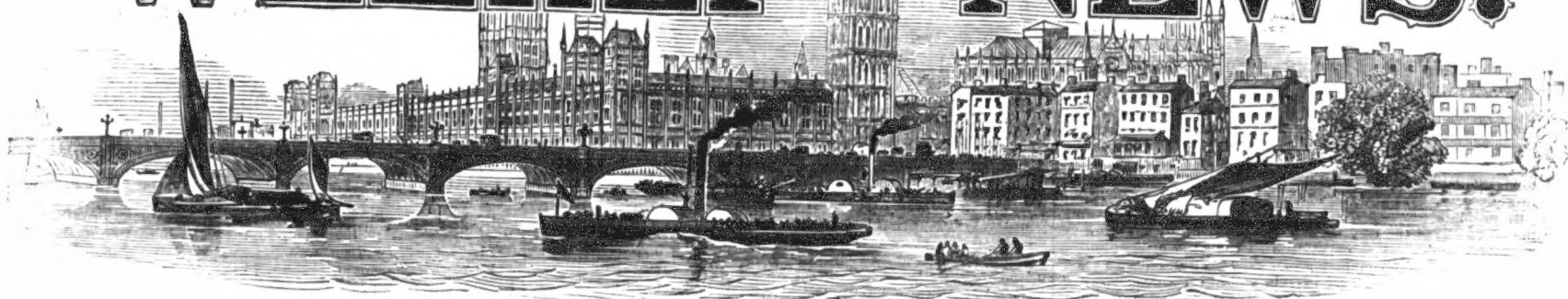


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**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



No. 10.—VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



CONFLICT WITH POACHERS BY THE GAMEKEEPERS OF LORD MIDDLETON, NEAR NOTTINGHAM. (See page 146)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday a meeting of county magistrates was held in Warwick for the discussion of the circumstances attending the late death of a "Female Blondin" in Aston Park, a portion of the place of entertainment being in Warwickshire. Lord Leigh occupied the chair, there being also present Mr. Adderley, Mr. Newdegate, and Mr. Spencer, members of parliament, as also a large number of county magistrates. It was unanimously resolved that Mr. C. B. Platts should be requested to convey to her Majesty the Queen the expression of the regrets of the meeting at the occurrence of the deplorable accident, and to assure her Majesty that the magistrates of the county of Warwick would use all their power and influence to prevent the park from being used for exhibitions of a dangerous or degrading character.

On Saturday, at the Liverpool Police-court, Robert Sharrie, formerly a carpenter on board the British ship *Favourite*, was charged with having murdered William Walsh on board that vessel during her voyage from St. John's, New Brunswick, to Liverpool. On the 4th ult., Walsh joined the *Favourite* in the Bay of Fundy. He came on board in a state of intoxication, and from the 4th to the 8th ult. he was unable to perform his duties, and appeared to be suffering from an attack of delirium tremens. On the evening of the 8th he took an adze and ran about the ship, to the alarm of the crew. He ultimately betook himself to the rigging. In the morning he came down out of the rigging and chased the crew, swearing he would murder them. The captain, with the view of frightening Walsh, fired a double-barrelled gun over his head, but this made him more excited. He chased the captain and Sharrie, the carpenter. The captain, finding they were hard pressed, handed the gun to the carpenter, in order that he might secure the man. Walsh came upon the carpenter threatening murder, and was about to kill him with the adze, when the carpenter fired the charge of one of the barrels into his shoulder. This took place about half-past six o'clock in the morning, and at half past ten Walsh died, notwithstanding his wounds were attended to. The captain then ordered the carpenter to be put in irons and he was accordingly kept in confinement until the ship reached Liverpool, when he was handed over to the police. All the witnesses said their lives were in danger, and that the defendant would most assuredly have been killed had he not shot Walsh. The prisoner was discharged, Mr. Raffles, the stipendiary magistrate, being of opinion that he had only committed justifiable homicide.

Mr. HUMPHREYS, coroner, held an inquest on Monday, at the Manor House Tavern, Green Lanes, Tottenham, respecting the death of Mrs. Caroline Annette Marshall, aged forty-four years, who was burnt to death under the following circumstances:—The deceased was an inmate of Dr. Birket's Lunatic Asylum, Northumberland House, Green-lanes, and she was suffering from a phthisis. On the previous Wednesday evening she got out of bed to shake something into the fire-grate, in which the light was kept for safety, and the handkerchief which wrapped up her finger became ignited. She was severely burnt, and though Dr. Allen, the medical attendant, was at once on the spot, she expired in a few hours. A verdict of "Accidental death from burns" was returned by the jury.

On Monday afternoon the remains of the late Field Marshal Lord Clyde were removed from Government House, Chatham, where his lordship's death took place, to his town residence, in readiness for the private funeral. The removal of the body was conducted in the most private and unostentatious manner, without military display of any kind. On Saturday, Viscount Sydney, the Lord Chamberlain, accompanied by Lord Alfred Paget, arrived at Chatham, for the purpose of making the preliminary arrangements connected with the removal of his lordship's remains to London. The hearse containing the body arrived at the Chatham Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway shortly before one o'clock on Monday afternoon. The coffin was placed in a first-class carriage, and the body conveyed to London by the 1.18 p.m. express train, Major-General Elre accompanying the train. In the garrison the usual parades were dispensed with on Monday morning.

On Monday morning, between nine and ten o'clock, whilst some men were engaged thrashing corn in the farm-yard of Mr. Francis Wray, farmer, of Walthamstow, near the old church, by means of a steam-thrashing machine, some of the burning sparks fell upon a stack of wheat containing about seventy loads. The farm-servants, with forks and shovels, tried to pull the top layer of corn off so as to save the rick, but without avail, and the flames curled over the top and burned downwards, so that in a few minutes the stack became one burning mass. Unfortunatly two other stacks of corn stood near, and the wind draughted the fire into the midst of both, and they became wrapped in fire. The fire plugs afforded a supply, but they were a long way off, and the engines were unable to get near enough to work effectively. One of the powerful land steamers by Rhad, Mason, and Co. shortly arrived, as well as several manual power engines of the brigade. This last-named force went to work, and was the means of saving the haystacks, barns, and other property. It was fortunate that the wind was not in a contrary direction, or the church would have been jeopardised. Very little of the three stacks could be saved. Fortunately, Mr. Wray was insured.

DESPERATE POACHING AFFRAY.

The illustration in the front page represents a desperate poaching affray which took place between the keepers of Lord Middleton and a band of poachers who were discovered in the park near Nottingham. His lordship's keepers were watching a cover a short distance from the hall, when they descried a band of poachers setting nets. The keepers at once advanced towards the poachers, who were well armed with flints, pitchforks, and bludgeons, and who commenced an attack upon them. A desperate melee ensued, in which one of the poachers received severe injuries—his nose being completely smashed. A large mastiff dog was also stabbed to death with a fork. The poachers having beaten off their opponents made their escape. They were afterwards seen by the county police in the vicinity of Isen Green, and when spoken to threatened violence to one of the officers. The keepers easily identified them, and they were apprehended in Nottingham. They were subsequently taken before the Rev. G. F. Holcombe, at the County Police-office, and remanded. Their names are as follow:—Benjamin Phipps, Thomas Smith, George Gilbert, William Smith, Joseph Wright, Absalom Bickley, Alfred Brownlow, and William Simson. They are a very desperate gang, and well known to the keepers and the police.

A DANGEROUS POWER.—The *Montreal Gazette* has the following curious paragraph:—"We are informed that Mr. Desmarieau, St. Mary-street, was magnetised on Friday last, without his knowledge or permission, by a party unknown, who had entered his store to purchase a glass of liquor. The latter then caused his victim to follow him to a shed near the furnaces in this locality and next made him lie down on a heap of straw, when he quickly cast Desmarieau's pockets of all their pecuniary contents. But, unfortunately for the hero of the magnet, several of Desmarieau's friends had been attracted to the spot, though in this instance by curiosity or suspicion, when they quickly divined the object of the strange scientific operation, in which they seized him, and forced him to disgorge his ill-gotten gains. Mr. Desmarieau soon regained consciousness, when he declared himself totally unaware of anything having occurred. The character, however, was wise enough to beat a hasty retreat."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The Florida, arrived at St. Nazaire, has brought news from Vera Cruz to July 17—a week later than the original advices of the Archduke Maximilian's election. It appears that after Marshal Forey's couple of hundred "Notables" had spoken in the name of the Mexican nation, some kind of an electoral force to sanction their decision was gone through in the city of Mexico. The bare statement now before us is that, by a popular vote—it does not appear how constituted and taken, and, sooth to say, it matters very little—10,241 voices against 250 declared that all the Notables had done was rightly done. It is admitted that the French troops have still plenty of work cut out for them in this country, which is represented as unanimously desirous of having the archduke for an emperor, or, if not, anybody else that the Emperor Napoleon may be good enough to send to reign over them. An expedition has been organized against Minatitlan to prevent the introduction of contraband of war at that point. The French troops engaged on this service are facetiously styled "counter-guerrillas." The city of Tampico, which it will be remembered was formerly taken by the French and then abandoned, is now in the possession of a Mexican general named Garza, who is fortifying it, and the French are going to besiege him. Juarez, who it was pretended had fled the country, is still at San Luis Potosi, but the writers of the despatches concocted for circulation in France hope that he will go away "before very long." General Ortega, the defender of Puebla, is in command of the State of Zacatecas, and it is complained that "he is very severe towards foreigners." General Doblado, who commands the State of Guanajuato, is said to have offered to recognise the French intervention on condition that no French troops should occupy his district; but Marshal Forey refused this condition, and therefore it stands admitted that Doblado is still in a state of hostility. As a matter of course it is alleged that the bulk of the occupying force is excellent; but, there being "some less" of yellow fever at Vera Cruz, the 143 passengers on board the Florida are kept in a strict quarantine at St. Nazaire. An English brig, having 10,000 muskets on board and other munitions of war, has been seized by a French vessel in the Matamoros waters. This event is said to have produced a "lively impression."

AUSTRIA.

The Vienna press thus alludes to the offer of the Mexican crown to the Archduke Maximilian:—

"The Paris papers already announce that the Emperor and Empress have congratulated the Archduke Maximilian upon the imperial crown, which he has been offered. They may possibly consider it a subject for congratulation to obtain possession of a crown in a country like Mexico in such a manner; but we believe ourselves expressing the opinion of the Austrian people when we frankly declare that every man in this country will think the acceptance of the crown by the Archduke rather a fatality than good fortune. A fatality we say, for it would be nothing else if an Austrian prince should ever think in earnest of accepting a crown at the hands of one of the Napoleons. Nothing similar occurred at the time of Germany's deepest humiliation through Napoleon I, and shall constitutional Austria of to-day condescend to what absolutism would not stoop? And what a crown! The French invaded Mexico without plausible ground, treading under foot the independence of the people, of which they are constantly talking, and, after shedding streams of blood, have occupied the Mexican capital, followed by the curses of a nation hitherto proud of its self-dependence. Should a prince of constitutional Austria take his seat upon a throne thus forcibly erected upon blood and tears as compensation for the pearl broken out of the Austrian crown in 1859, or as a present to hold us harmless for future eventualities of a similar sort? The more we occupy ourselves with these reflections the more incredible, adventurous, unacceptable, and monstrous appears to us this latest attention offered to Austria by the Court of Napoleon."

The article concludes in the following terms:—"Although the idea of ruling the ancient realm of the Aztecs may not be without a poetical charm for romantic temperaments, we believe the times are passed when fancies of this character suffice to compromise the policy of great states, and plunge it into immeasurable intricacies. We hope, therefore, that this time too the reply of Austria to the offer, through Paris, of the Mexican Notables will be a decisive refusal. Once for all, we trust an end will now be put to an intrigue having no farther object than to remove the disgrace of the Mexican expedition—that crime against an independent nation—from the shoulders of France to those of Austria, and to cover the abyss of the dirty speculations of the banker Jecker and his precious associates in France and Mexico with the glorious name of an Austrian prince."

AMERICA.

A considerable force of all arms from General Meade's army crossed the Rappahannock and encountered the Confederates near the river. A desperate conflict commenced. The Confederates retreated, fighting, upon Culpepper, when they were reinforced and in turn drove back the Federals. The Federals were shortly afterwards here also reinforced by a whole army corps, and gained a strong position, when the Confederates again retreated towards Culpepper. The loss on both sides is reported to have been heavy.

Telegrams from Charleston, dated the 31st ult., to the *Richmond Whig* announce that the batteries at Cumming's Point, on Morris Island, were bombarded by three iron-clads for five hours during the previous day. At the end of that time the vessels withdrew, having inflicted no serious injury to the works. All the Confederate forts within range replied to the Federal fire.

The *Washington Republican*, a semi-official organ, says:—"If there should be a slight occasion for hostilities, England and America were likely to be involved in war, the Federal steam marine will at once be converted into privateers, and British commerce will be driven from the ocean. War is not desirable with England, but war is not the highest of evils. A spirited nation cannot submit to injustice, insourence, and outrage through a series of years and make no effort to avenge its wrongs. The course pursued by England has alienated every American of the loyal States. These facts indicate what the future has in store for America."

President Lincoln has officially proclaimed that if the enemy enslave or sell any one because of his colour the offence will be punished by retaliation upon the enemy's prisoners. For every Federal soldier killed in violation of the laws of warfare, a rebel soldier will be executed, and for every one enslaved or sold into slavery a rebel soldier will be placed at hard labour on public works, and kept at labour until the one he released and receive the treatment due to prisoners of war.

NO HOME COMPLETE without a WILCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, neat, act, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family Machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 1, Ludgate Hill. [Advertisement.]

The question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do best the greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. These are the Sewing Machine & Co., of 144 Regent-street, are the best of the kind. [Advertisement.]

General News.

"Among the Mexican prisoners who have arrived in France," says the *Siecle*, "is one particularly worthy of notice—a young Indian female, aged twenty-three, who was lieutenant-colonel in the Regiment of Zacatecas. She has in the space of seven years gained all her grades at the point of the sword. When her husband was called on to serve, she followed the army, and having distinguished herself in battle received the rank of sub-lieutenant. Her husband was killed in the affair of Guadalupe, on the 5th May, 1862, and her bravery on that occasion obtained her the rank of second in command of a regiment, at the head of which she rendered herself conspicuous in the defence of Puebla. She was most expert in the use of the sword, and her soldiers almost considered her as a supernatural being. After the surrender of Puebla, she was taken to Vera Cruz, and arrived at Brest on board the Rhone transport. Her order for embarkation stated her rank, and gave her a right to a seat at the table of the superior officers. She possesses a pleasing physiognomy, but her manners are rather masculine."

The musical critic of *Galignani* observes:—"M. Bagier has definitively engaged Mlle. Lati both for Paris and Madrid. The salary she receives is not only extravagant, but is really preposterous—£120 a night. Is there no means of putting a stop to these extortionate exactions? If such a thing as unanimity among directors were possible, surely an engagement not to pay a singer more than a certain liberal sum might be come to among managers themselves. If such an arrangement were fairly acted upon by directors, artists would be obliged to accept of fair terms or remain without an engagement. A season or two of enforced leisure of this kind would in all probability go far to put an end to the present system of extravagant demands."

From a parliamentary paper it appears that in the year ending the 31st March last the duty on race horses amounted to £6,422, being a decrease of £535 on the previous year.

The arts have sustained an immense loss in the death of M. Eugene Delacroix, the French painter, who succumbed to an affection of the chest from which he had been suffering for the last two months. He was sixty-six years of age.

MR. MARSHALL WOOD, the sculptor, has received a commission from Mr. John Crosley to execute two busts of the Prince and Princess of Wales, in marble, to commemorate the royal visit to Halifax.

The *Cape Argus* announces that "the Kaffrians are getting up a Derby."

Amongst the prisoners to be tried at the assizes at Liverpool was a young man named George Wright, a cotton-spinner, of Oldham, who was in custody on a charge of murder. At the opening of the assizes the learned judge in his charge to the grand jury, alluded to this case as one which would call for deep consideration and care on the part of those who would have to try it. The unfortunate prisoner, however, anticipated his trial by committing suicide on Monday morning, by hanging himself in his cell, in Kirkdale Gaol, having succeeded in fastening the straps of his hammock to a portion of the gas piping. When the turnkey entered the cell the body was still warm, but life was quite extinct.

The block of granite which is to form the sarcophagus to be placed in the mausoleum recently erected at Frogmore in which are to be deposited the remains of the late Prince Consort, has been brought to Peterhead for the purpose of being taken by railway to Aberdeen. The block is of immense size, being nine feet eight inches long, seven feet four inches broad, and three feet four inches thick, and weighs eighteen tons. It was got out of Cairngall Quarry (on the estate of Wm. Hutchinson, Esq.), leased by Mr. McDonald, Aberdeen. For more than a year the quarry has been worked with a view to obtaining a block of sufficient dimensions, but only quite recently was it seen that the object could be obtained. It has now, however, been so most satisfactorily. The stone, which is of a bluish shade, is a very beautiful specimen of Cairngall granite, and quite complete and sound. The stone is to be polished on each side, and when finished will have a very massive and elegant appearance. The difficulty of transporting this immense block was very great. Having been placed on a substantial low wagg, sixteen powerful horses were required to drag it from Cairngall to Peterhead, and besides between thirty and forty men were employed to assist. The passage was a very tedious and troublesome one. On several occasions the wheels sunk in the road, and at the Peterhead toll-bar part of the cross wall had to be taken down. Once at the station, it was placed by means of Mr. McDonald's crane on a twenty-ton waggon belonging to the Caledonia Railway, and was conveyed to Aberdeen.

The armourer-sergeant, 4th Dragoon Guards, at the Curragh of Kildare, committed suicide. He loaded a carbine in his ship, and deliberately fired it into his mouth, mutilating himself in a shocking manner. No reason can be assigned for the act.

Our Australian cousins, at least those of Melbourne, are preparing to do honour to the memory of Shakespeare. The *Age* of that city says:—"The clay model of a colossal statue of Shakespeare has been executed by Mr. Charles Summers, and on the 23rd instant a party of gentlemen were admitted to a private view. Great satisfaction was expressed at the result of the artist's labours, and it is proposed to erect the statue in bronze in front of the Public Library."

A PARLIAMENTARY return states that during the year ending December 31, 1862, there were 216 persons killed and 600 injured in consequence of railway accidents, of which twenty-four deaths occurred in Ireland, forty-two in Scotland, and 150 in England and Wales; the number of miles of railway open in each division respectively being 1,598, 1,777, and 8,176. During 1861, when the total number of miles of railway open in the United Kingdom was 10,833, the number of lives lost by accidents was 284, and the number of persons injured 893. Of the 216 deaths in 1862, twenty-six passengers and twenty servants of contractors or the companies were killed from circumstances over which they had no control, and nine passengers and eighty-nine servants from want of caution on their part; forty-nine of the remainder were trespassers, including seven cases of suicide.

On Monday, as Lord and Lady Gilbert Kennedy were riding in the vicinity of the village of Eversley, her ladyship's horse took fright at a cart laden high with peas. After rearing violently, the animal backed into a ditch, throwing her ladyship, and causing some severe injuries to the head, which rendered her insensible, in which state she was conveyed home. We hear that her ladyship, who is much beloved in the neighbourhood, is progressing favourably.

We (*Liverpool Mercury*) understand that the late James Plumptre, Esq., of this town, has made several liberal bequests to charitable objects. He has bequeathed a sum of £1,000 to the Liverpool charities; £1,000 to found a scholarship at the Collegiate Institution, and £500 to the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—The *Figaro Programme* relates that M. Clair-Benit, who formerly played the part of the Monseigneur at the Ambigu, and who has been of late residing of Antioch, fell ill last week and to all appearances died, a fact which was legally attested, with all the due forms. The day of the interment arrived, and when the persons who had to place the corpse in the coffin were about to perform their duty, they were astonished to hear a deep sigh proceed from the body, followed by the words—"Ah! now I die! (Ah, my God). M. Clair-Benit had awakened from a lethargy, and is now getting better."

MURDER IN WOLVERHAMPTON.

A TERRIBLE crime has been committed in Wolverhampton. In Bilston-street there is a wide court, known as "the barracks," but correctly as No. 4 Court. It contains about eight houses, tenanted at 2s. 3d. a week. On the occupancy of one of these there entered, five or six weeks ago, a young man and woman, who seemed to obtain a livelihood by making and selling forks and skewers of iron wire. On the Monday evening about a month ago, the woman locked the house-door, and told a next-door neighbour that she was going out, and asked her to say if any one called that she was gone to the country. A few days after her departure a respectable-looking woman came from Willenhall, a neighbouring township, and inquired for Mr. Williams, her son, who was alleged to be the tenant of the house, and who had passed as the husband of the woman referred to. The message left by the woman was delivered, and old Mrs. Williams desired that her son should be told to write to his mother, as she wished to hear from him. Whether or not the woman who made the inquiries was the person she alleged herself to be has not yet transpired. After that time no one called, and the house remained closed. An offensive smell, however, for some days back had been noticed to proceed from the house, and on Friday week morning the neighbour with whom the message had been delivered by the woman-tenant, began to suspect that something was wrong. At her request a neighbour, named Mary Lees, procured a key, and opened the door. The smell then became very strong. Lees, however, went up-stairs, and saw a dead body lying in the front room. She called out to a neighbour named Smith for assistance, and they both entered the room. On the floor lay a mattress, and upon it there was stretched, covered with a sheet and coverlet, "a man," evidently the corpse of a man, it is needless to say, in a horrible state of decomposition. The murdered man, for such the deceased would seem to be, wore, as he lay in bed, only a shirt and waistcoat; and there is no doubt that some hand must have tended him after he was unable to do anything for himself. This is clear from the manner in which his head was covered with the bed-clothes. These were fastened over the face tight enough to secure suffocation, if death had not previously taken place. The colour of the hair and other circumstances convinced them that the deceased was the young man Williams.

The inquest was held the Friday afternoon. Before the inquiry commenced, a woman present volunteered a statement to the effect that, some time since, she had known the deceased by the name of Bill, and she now remembered his name to be William Williams. She was able to identify him by his trousers which on one occasion she had mended. His mother lived at Tortobello, a small town near Wolverhampton. A letter addressed to him had once been left at her house, and she had known him when he lived at Birmingham. He was not married, but had lived with a woman known by the name of Rose. This woman she had not seen for more than three weeks. She had a very bad character.

Mary Lees, the woman who first found the body, and the first witness called, said: I last saw Williams alive on Monday three weeks at the bottom of the court, and he then appeared to be in good health. On the evening of the same day I saw the woman with whom he lived go to the tap at the back of the building for some water. After filling her kettle she returned to the house, and I have not seen her since.

The inquiry was then adjourned until the last day of this month. Dr. Gibbons, the surgeon, in the meantime, was instructed to make a careful post mortem examination of the body.

A few days ago a young woman applied to Ann Corbett, who lives in Tower-street, Dudley, for the key of the next house to where the dead body was found, which was empty. The applicant said that she was the wife of William Smith, a lamplighter, and that he was in search of a house. She obtained the key and left. On Thursday week some persons entered upon the tenancy of the same house, and there, in an attic, discovered the dead body of a woman. The face of the corpse was downwards, with the head resting on one side. A half-pint bottle, labelled "Laudanum," lay at her feet. Hanging to the skylight of the room was a woman's bonnet, which had in it the key of the house. The bottle was of a half-pint size, with the name of "Lewis, Bilston," stamped upon it. Beneath the label, which was inscribed "Laudanum," there was found to be another and older label, also bearing the word "Laudanum." In the deceased woman's pocket there was a mercer's bag, stamped with the name and address of Mr. Pursell, of Bilston. A small quantity of laudanum was found in the bottle, and Mr. G. E. Horton, surgeon, of Dudley, deposed at the inquest that the body lay in such a position as would lead to the inference that deceased lay down where she was found when she felt herself in a state of coma from an overdose of narcotic poison. The jury returned a verdict of "Found dead." It has since transpired that the bonnet found hanging to the skylight in the empty house at Dudley is that which was worn by the woman who three weeks ago left the house in Wolverhampton in which Williams died. The bonnet Mrs. Lewis, of Wolverhampton, says, is cleaner than it was when she saw it on the night in question. There is little doubt that after inquiries have been made the corpse will be found to be that of the woman whose name is alleged to have been Sparrow, but who it has just transpired is a widow named Steadman, whose father lives in Birmingham. Her husband died in Birmingham about eight years ago, leaving this woman a widow at the early age of twenty-two. After the death of her husband she went to Liverpool, where Williams met with her.

MURDERS IN FRANCE.

The Court of Assizes of the Gard has been engaged during three sittings in trying a man named Domergue, aged forty-seven, on a charge of murdering, in the night of 23rd of October last, M. Blanc, a woollen-draper, residing at Pont-St-Esprit. On the morning of the 24th, the body of the murdered man was found lying in his shop, dreadfully mangled by several blows with an axe, any one of which would have sufficed to cause death. As the money-drawer in the shop had been forced open and emptied, it was evident that robbery had been the motive of the crime. Traces of blood were found along the street from the shop to the house occupied by the prisoner, who was accordingly arrested. During the inquiry which followed, a respectable tradesman of the town came forward and deposed that he had seen the prisoner in Blanc's shop about nine on the evening of the 23rd, which must have been within a few minutes of the time when the crime was perpetrated. Marks of blood on the prisoner's clothes and other circumstantial evidence conspired to prove the charge. In his defence, the prisoner pleaded *alibi*, but failed altogether to establish it. After a short deliberation, the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty, with extenuating circumstances," and the court condemned the prisoner to hard labour for life.

Two farmers named Bouchez, aged twenty-three, and Langraud, aged sixty-three, nephew and uncle, have just been tried by the Court of Assizes of the Nord, at Douai, on a charge of having murdered, in the night of January 30, a labouring man named Davoine, who had formerly been in their service. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner Langraud, with three brothers, a sister, and the prisoner Bouchez, their nephew, lived together on a farm which was the property of the Langraud family. Some ten years ago, the murdered man Davoine went to live with them as a farm servant, and remained six years, when he was discharged by the brothers Langraud, because he had made to their sister offers of marriage, which were favourably received by her. The intimacy

between Davoine and the sister nevertheless continued, and they frequently met in secret, in spite of the opposition of the brothers, who were extremely averse to the match, as it would have led to a division of the property, which they wished to keep entire. The sister was so ill-treated in consequence of her attachment to Davoine that she at last left the house and went to live with a neighbour; but a reconciliation took place and she returned home. In the beginning of the present year the ban of marriage between her and Davoine was published, and the wedding day was fixed. Meanwhile Davoine visited her clandestinely, entering the premises by climbing over the wall. In the night of the 30th January, when crossing the farmyard on one of these visits, he was fired at by the prisoner Bouchez, and afterwards killed by repeated blows on the head dealt by him and the prisoner Langraud. They were accordingly arrested and committed for trial. In their defence, both before the examining magistrate and in court, the prisoners declared that they had not recognised Davoine, but supposed him to be a robber, and that when they attempted to arrest him, after wounding him in the legs with small shot, he made a desperate resistance and was killed in the struggle. This statement was favourably received by the jury, who at once acquitted the prisoners, and the court ordered their immediate release. On the delivery of the verdict there was a burst of applause, which was immediately suppressed.

A brutal murder was committed a few days since at the farm of Champotran, near Vaudoy (Seine-et-Marne), on the person of Mme. Mirevault, the farmers' wife. The murderer was a tramp, unknown in the neighbourhood, who had been allowed to sleep in a hayloft on the premises for two nights, and had been chauntily supplied with food by Mme. Mirevault. Instead of showing gratitude for this kindness, he watched the departure of all the men to their work in the fields, and when Mme. Mirevault was left alone he entered the house, and, after stabbing her with a knife, fractured her skull by stamping on it with the heel of his boot. He then began to ransack the place, and while so engaged was seen by a woman, who came to speak to the farmer's wife on business. The woman, without raising an alarm, ran for M. Mirevault from a neighbouring field. On arriving he found his wife quite dead, but the murderer had disappeared. The whole day was spent in search of him, but in vain. At night, however, M. Mirevault found him concealed under a heap of foul linen in a corner of the bedroom. The fellow, who was armed with a loaded pistol, was secured and lodged in prison at Coulommiers. He gave the name of Millon, and pretends to be a native of Vienna.

DEFEAT OF THE REBEL NEW ZEALANDERS.

The following is the official notification made by command of his excellency the governor, of the successful engagement of the troops at Pararaki:—

"Colonial Secretary's Office, Auckland, June 5, 1863.

"His excellency the governor directs it to be notified that Lieutenant General Cameron, C.B., left the town of New Plymouth at nine a.m., on the 3rd inst., accompanied by a military force, and arrived at Tataraimaka at four a.m. yesterday morning, the 4th instant. The force under his command at that point being made up of the head quarter companies of the 57th and 70th Regiments, of a detachment of the 65th Regiment, of three Armstrong guns, and the greater part of the men of Captain Mercer's battery, and of a small detachment of the Royal Engineers, the force being in all about 650 strong. The attack commenced at 6.45 a.m., yesterday morning. The force crossed the Katikara river, and attacked the enemy's position on the left bank of that stream, which it carried, totally routing the enemy, who fled in confusion, leaving twenty-two of his dead on one part of the field. The Lieutenant-general states that Colonel Warre, C.B., and the 57th Regiment, under his command, availed themselves of an opportunity afforded them by carrying, with the greatest gallantry, a redoubt of the enemy, where the principal fighting took place. The loss on our side was one private killed, and two mortally, and two severely, wounded of the 57th Regiment; and one private severely wounded of the 70th Regiment. Her Majesty's ship Eclipse, under the command of Captain Mayne, R.N., sailed from New Plymouth at four a.m. yesterday morning, and arrived off the Katikara River at the hour arranged with the Lieutenant-general, so as to co-operate most usefully with the military force from the commencement of the attack, by shelling the enemy's works. The Lieutenant-general and part of the force returned in her Majesty's ship Eclipse to New Plymouth the same morning, reaching that place at one p.m., the remainder of the force marching back to town.

"By his excellency's command, "ALFRED DOMETT."

The Otago correspondent of the *New Zealand Examiner* writes as follows:—You will have gathered from other sources that, at the time of the departure of last month's mail, a renewal of the war at Pararaki was almost a certainty. A military escort, conveying stores to one of the outposts, had fallen into an ambuscade of the natives, and several of the party barbarously murdered. The present mail will convey the intelligence that the dogs of war are again let loose, and the unfortunate province is once more the theatre of strife. Samuel Cameron has opened the campaign by a dashing exploit, which has made him the idol of popular applause. Apparently he fully deserves the confidence and esteem he has won. The testimony of all parties having opportunities of local observation ascribes to him a rare combination of kindness and stern resolve. Fortier in re in all that relates to his duties as commander-in-chief, and *summit in modo* in all that relates to the convenience and security of the settlers. The exploit just referred to was a sudden attack upon one of the Tataraimaka positions. The preparation was made with the greatest secrecy and skill. Until just upon the hour of march—when the troops defiled out of town on their hazardous expedition—scarcely a soul was aware of what was in contemplation. Suffice it to say that the enterprise was completely successful. The attack was made simultaneously from two points, while the Eclipse, in the offing, assisted the attacking forces by throwing shell into the pa with admirable precision. The rifle pits and the pa were successively reached; and although the loss on our side was comparatively trifling, three killed and some six or eight wounded, upwards of forty bodies of native slain were gathered together and interred, and by latest advices this number is augmented to upwards of seventy, it being reported that others of the dead were subsequently discovered. The highest estimate of the loss on the side of the natives, is seventy-five, the lower forty; but the actual number of those who have been killed will probably never with certainty be known. This severe lesson, however, does not appear to have wrought any effect on the minds of the natives beyond that of exasperating them. They appear determined to resist to the death. Submission seems foreign to their thoughts. Latest advices tell us that as the news of the defeat at Tataraimaka was received, other tribes hitherto neutral declared their intention of joining in the fray. There can be but little doubt that we are now entering upon a long and protracted struggle, the ultimate issue of which it is impossible to predict. One remarkable fact, however, must not be omitted. Governor Grey, by formal proclamation, has renounced all claim on the part of the crown to the lands at Waitara, the possession of which was the original cause of war. The reasons which have induced him to take this step are not perfectly known. It is said that by investigations instituted it has been discovered that there had no right to dispose of the land, and that what a native opposition was justifiable. It is so, there can be no doubt of the fact that a precipitancy and injustice of the government and its ministers were the occasion of the war.

Possibly Sir George Grey may entertain the hope that this act of justice, even though long delayed, will have the effect of detaching, in the minds of the natives, the present conflict from the original dispute. But I fear he will not succeed. Although we may be perfectly satisfied that the present struggle is entirely unconnected with the dispute about Waitara, and that we are now only waging war against unprovoked aggression and murder, the natives, I fear, will not make this distinction, but will associate all that has yet to come with what has already transpired.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN REGENT STREET.

DR. LANKESTER held an inquest on Monday afternoon, at the Middlesex Hospital, on the body of Mr. William Milton Bridger, the Recorder of Chichester and magistrate of Bradford-on-Avon, who was accidentally killed on the previous Wednesday night in Regent-street. Mr. Charles Hawkins, of Saville-row, saw the deceased about five o'clock on the Wednesday, when he appeared in good health. He was deaf, and a carriage might come on him unawares. He saw him after the accident, and it was clear from the post mortem examination that the accident was the cause of his death. A Mr. Collings and a Mr. Addison, who were crossing Regent-street at the time, were examined. The carman called out to them, and they started forward and reached the kerb. The driver was turning from Regent-street into Argyl place. They heard him call out to the deceased, but he took no notice and was knocked down and killed. In their opinion, the driver used great exertion to prevent the accident. The van was going at the rate of about five miles an hour. A jurymen said that five miles an hour was too fast in turning a street. Mr. Humphries remarked that a man could walk four miles an hour, and five miles could not be too much. Some of the jury thought it was a very fair pace for a van and two horses to be driven. The coroner asked whether Combe wished to make any statement. Mr. Humphries, who appeared on the part of his employers, said he did, and he was called forward. The coroner told him he could not be sworn, and anything he might say could be used against him. Combe stated that he had come from Burlington-street with a load, and called out several times. The two witnesses who had been examined heard him, and got out of the way. He called as loud as he could to the deceased, and he was not aware how a deaf. The pole struck him, and he fell down. He did all that he could to prevent the wheel passing over his body. He had been nearly twelve years in the employ of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, and this was the first accident that had occurred to him. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death," and expressed an opinion that no blame was to be attached to the carman Combe.

FATAL OMNIBUS ACCIDENT ON HOLBORN-HILL.

On Monday morning, Mr. Payne held an inquiry at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, respecting the death of Charles Fox, aged thirty-seven years, an omnibus conductor, who was run over and killed on the previous Thursday, on Holborn-hill.

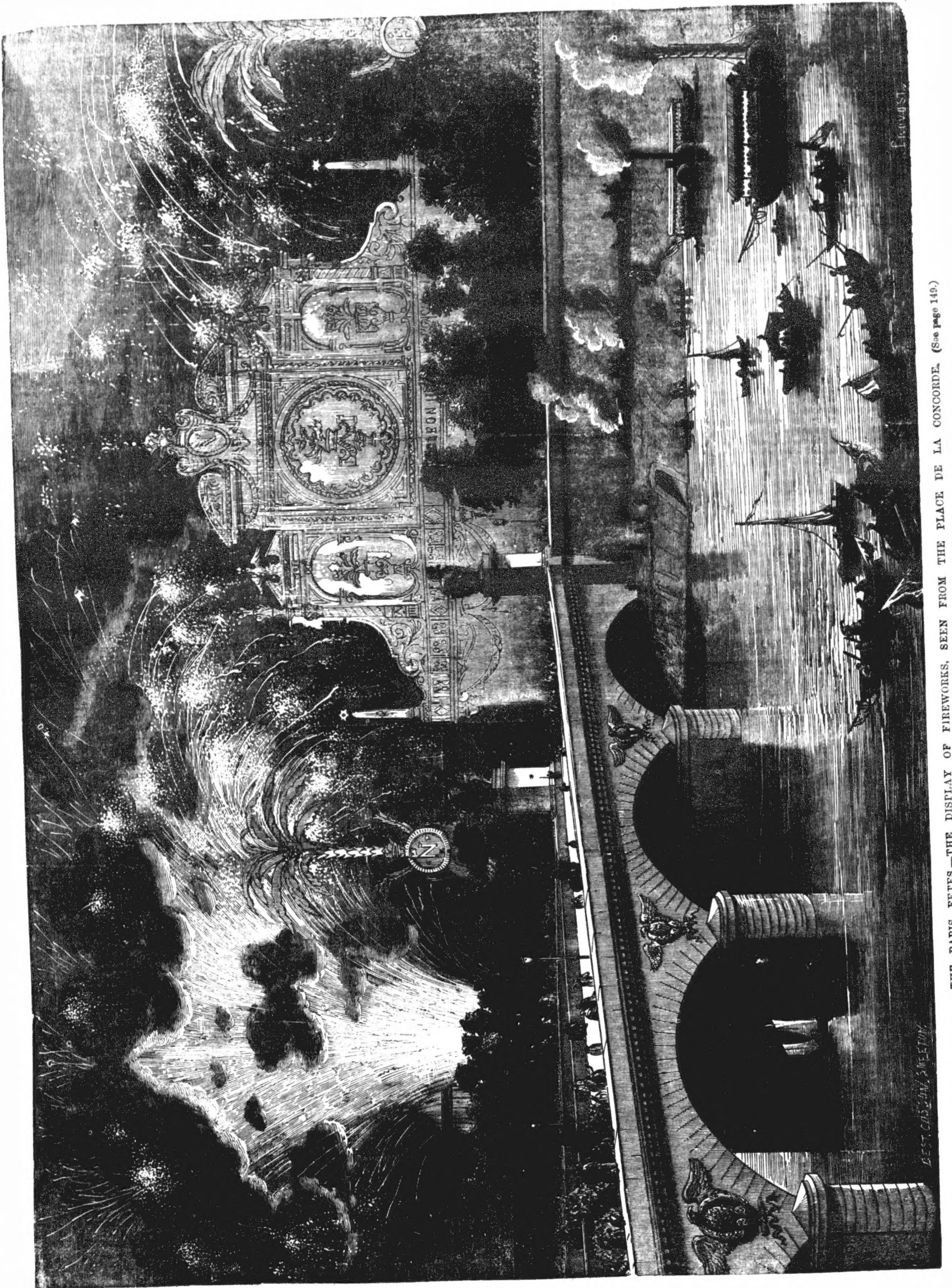
Mr. Beard appeared on behalf of George James Langley, the driver of the omnibus which ran over deceased, and who is in custody; and Mr. Buchanan represented the widow of the deceased.

William Wray: I live at 7, Furnival's-inn. On Thursday last, about half-past three, I was standing at the corner of Furnival's-inn, when my attention was called to two omnibuses racing towards the City, one being slightly before the other. That part of Holborn is very broad. I believe they were going at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, which was much over the usual pace of an omnibus. A dark green omnibus was a little in advance. The horses of the second omnibus, which was of a light green colour, were about level with the body of the first. That omnibus passed the other on the near side at a rapid pace. The conductor having alighted, attempted to pass in front of the horses of the green omnibus, in doing which he was knocked down by the horses, and the hind wheel passed over him. The light green omnibus after stopping some time proceeded on its journey. Attention was at once given to the deceased, when it was found he was dead. The driver, Langley, was apprehended on his return from the city. (The witness here pointed him out in court.)

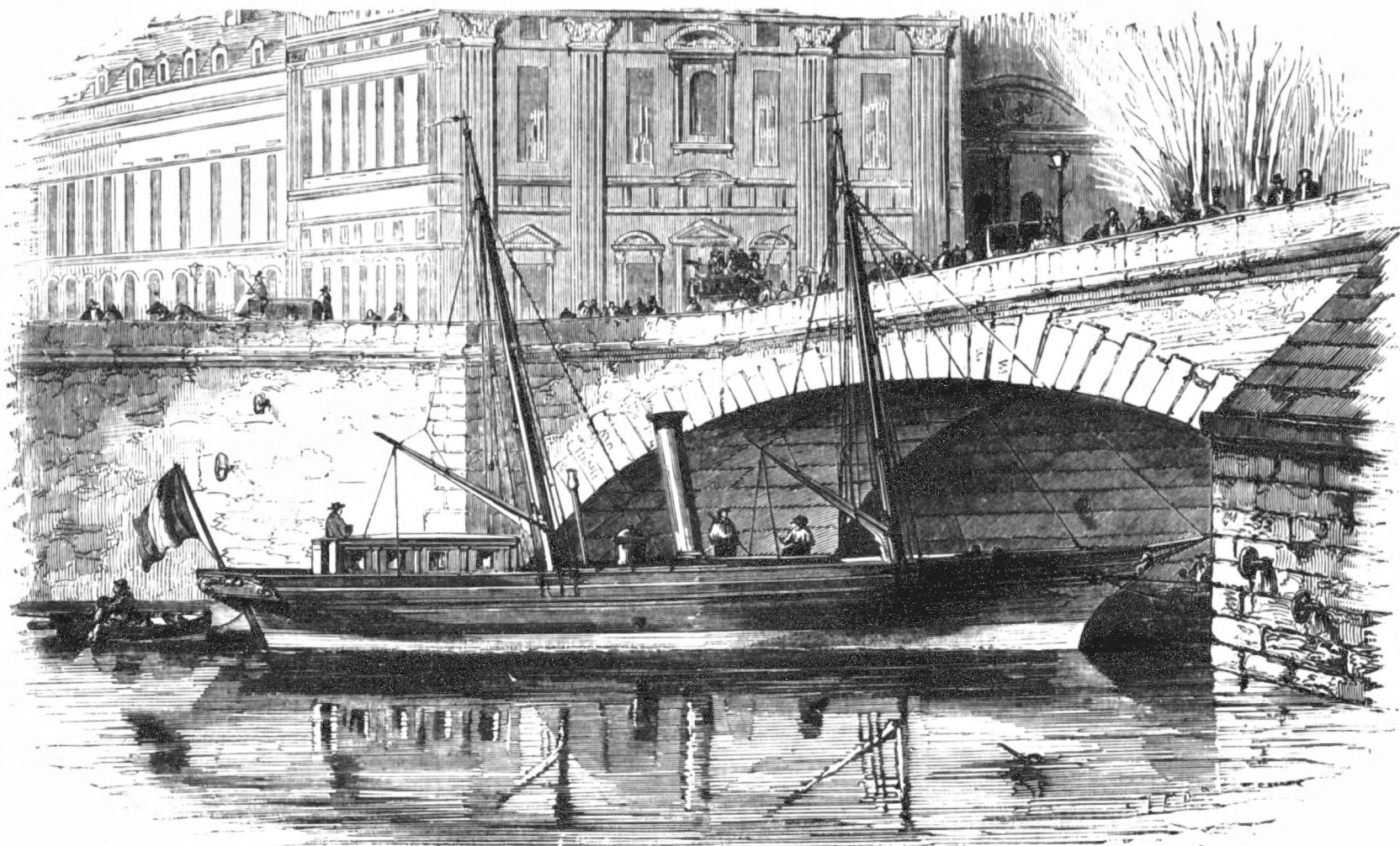
Dr. Jones said he resided at 1, Montague-place, Kentish-town. He was in the omnibus of which the deceased was conductor. It was a dark green one. They appeared to be in a great hurry to get forward, as there was a light green omnibus about forty or fifty yards behind it. The one he was in went on the Leather-lane side of the cab-stand. At this time the second omnibus was coming up fast, and he heard the deceased continually urge his own driver to greater speed. This was when the light green bus was about twenty yards behind. When they came opposite Furnival's-inn both omnibuses were racing. A female passenger was standing by the side of the kerb, and the dark green omnibus was drawn up about a foot from the public conveniences in the centre of the road, the horses being drawn slightly across the road. Saw the conductor get down and go in front of his own omnibus, telling the coachman to pull across, saying, "Pull them across and stop them," pointing to the light green omnibus then advancing. Witness, seeing from the speed of the advancing bus that there might be a dangerous collision took measures for making his escape. The conductor at this time continued to exert his driver to pull across, at the same time walking backwards in such a way that he was unable to perceive the approaching bus. At this time a woman in the same bus (the wife of the deceased) screamed violently. Witness looked at the conductor, and saw the pole of the green bus striking him in the back; he was by this whirled round the horse's collar and fell on his head. He was then struck by the horse's fore off leg, and by his hind off leg. The deceased seemed to struggle to free himself when the wheel passed over his chest by the side of the head from the shoulder, and down the centre of the body. He was at once removed on to the path, when there was a perceptible tremor in the body and blood pouring in great quantities from his mouth. The driver of the second bus must have seen the deceased before he was knocked down, as there was nothing else in the way. There was not space for the two omnibuses to pass without running over the deceased, and the light green omnibus could not have passed round the other without danger of upsetting his own vehicle. The distance between the two omnibuses was between three and four feet.

Benjamin Watkins said: I am the driver to the omnibus to which the deceased was conductor. My omnibus is painted a dark green. The light green one runs from Notting-hill to Mile-end-gate. Our times of starting were about the same. I generally start first. I started on that occasion from St. John's Church at ten minutes to three. At the Marble Arch we met the Notting-hill and Whitechapel busses. We generally arrive about two minutes before the other bus. The light green bus belonged to a private individual. Langley was the driver on the day of the accident. When they were about Furnival's-inn witness heard his conductor say "Wo, wo!" and pulled up. The omnibuses then came to a stop. The last words he heard the deceased utter, hearing something coming on his near side, he turned to see what it was, and then saw the deceased knocked down by the dark green bus.

After a further examination the coroner summed up, and the jury deliberated and returned a verdict that the deceased died of a fracture of the skull, caused by the wheel of the omnibus passing over his head, and that the accident was accidental.



THE PARIS FETES—THE DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS, SEEN FROM THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE. (See page 149.)



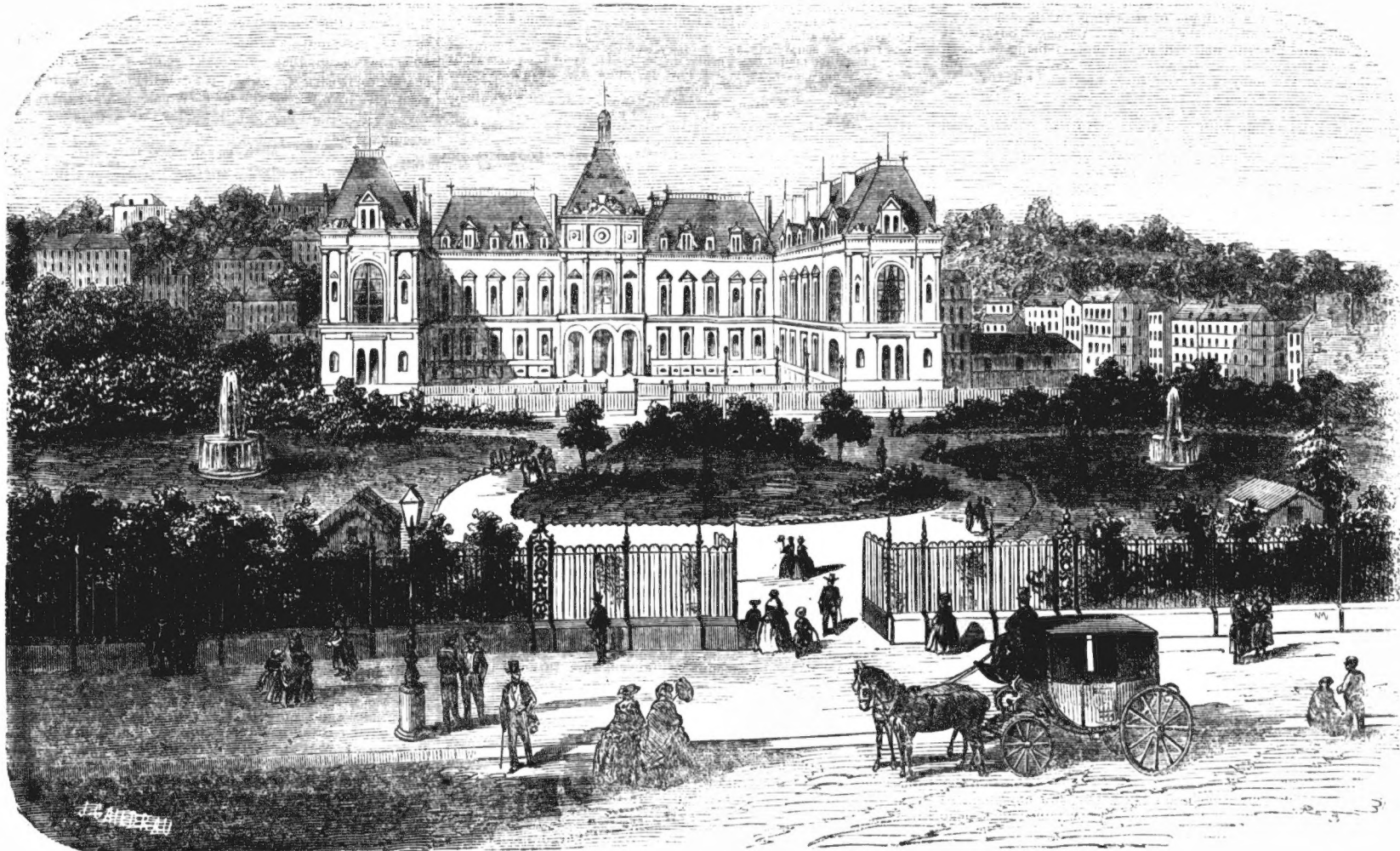
A RIVER STEAMER ON THE SEINE AT PARIS.

THE NAPOLEON FETE DAY.

THE 15th of August was the Napoleon Fete Day; and it was kept as a complete holiday by the Parisians. The theatres were thrown open gratuitously, and the Champs Elysees were illuminated. It is lucky there was scarcely any wind, for an important part of the illuminations consisted of red and yellow lanterns, with bits of candle inside them, which were hung up at dusk on the trees in the Champs Elysees. They were large paper lanterns of a circular form, resembling big melons, and having an opening at the top. A great number of men were employed with long poles suspending them to the branches and twigs by means of wire hooks attached to them. The hooks were too pliant, or the members of the hanging committee were not more adroit than some other committees of that kind which we know,

for a good many of the illuminated melons came down as soon as they were hung up, and either ignobly went out in the dust or caught in some branch and caught fire themselves, in some cases setting fire to the leaves and threatening a conflagration. Had there been anything of a breeze the lantern part of the business would have been a total failure. As it was there were plenty of spare ones to replace the fallen, and by nine o'clock every tree in the Champs Elysees was loaded with the gaudy fruit. The clusters of large white globes burned extremely well, the material serving to condense without dimming the light; but the smaller globes, with which the festoons were studded, were much less successful. The Tuilleries gardens were illuminated with pennons of coloured lamps; the fountains in the Place de la Concorde were illuminated within the fall of water by large white drums containing lights; the Rue di Rivoli, the Ministries, the Palace of Industry, the Cham-

ber of Deputies, the railings of the Tuilleries, all the public buildings, and many others, were illuminated with long lines of gas jets, and in various other ways. Before eight o'clock the Champs Elysees and adjacent parts were thronged with people, many of whom soon began to move off towards the quays and bridges to see the fireworks. An electric light was burning on the Trocadero, casting alternately slender pencils and broad brushes of many coloured lights across the Seine and towards Paris. It would, perhaps, have been better if the fireworks had been let off there instead of on the bridge of Jena, which is a much lower point, commanded from fewer places. Incessantly the crowd surged across the bridges to the quays on the south side of the river, numbers still remaining on the other bank. The fireworks began punctually at nine, and those persons who were not the best situated to view them had reason to be glad that they



HOTEL DE VILLE AT HAVRE

On the arrival at Cologne of the train conveying her Majesty, the princes and princesses, Earl Granville, and the suite in attendance on the royal party, no halt was made, and the journey to Rosenau was continued. On reaching Rolandseck, at eight o'clock, her Majesty and the members of the royal family alighted, and partook of dinner in a room at the station which had been specially prepared for the accommodation of the royal party. The journey was resumed at half-past nine. The English residents on the Lower Rhine intended to assemble, and to offer a demonstration of loyalty to the Queen, but this idea was reluctantly abandoned as it was ascertained that a desire had been expressed that nothing of the kind should take place.

THE CHANNEL FLEET AND SABBATH DESECRATION.

At a meeting of the Commission of the Free Church's General Assembly, held at Edinburgh, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Can. Ilish, the moderator, a discussion took place with reference to the proceedings of the Channel fleet while off the coast of Scotland.

Dr. Venn said: I hope the commission will allow me to make a brief statement in reference to an aspect of the Sabbath question which seems to me to be peculiarly urgent and important. It is one part of the business of this commission to keep in view the general interests of the Church and of religion, and to interpose for the purpose of seeing that these be not damaged. Now it seems to me that, in connexion with the present movements of the Channel fleet, an emergency of the very kind contemplated has arisen; and I shall take the liberty of laying before the commission, in the first place, some important facts in connexion with the matter, and, in the second place, to suggest what I think we ought to do in connexion with it. In the first place, it is well known that this Channel fleet when in this part of the country last year, was open to visitors on the Sabbath-day, and that scenes of Sabbath desecration were offensive and in consequence. The idea at that time was that this was purely inadvertent, and that all that was necessary was to call the attention of the authorities to the subject for the purpose of getting the evil arrested, and accordingly that result was secured, to the great gratification of many in the west of Scotland. An application was made to the admiral of the fleet when in the Clyde, and the admiral so far acquiesced cordially in that application, and no such scenes occurred in the west as had previously often led the Christian sense of the community in the east of Scotland. Accordingly, when we had the prospect of a visit from this fleet again an application was made, through the Sabbath Alliance of Scotland, to the admiral in the following terms:—

"To Sidney Colpoys Dacres, C.B. Rear-Admiral in command of the Channel Fleet.

"The memorial of the Sabbath Alliance of Scotland, whose object is to protect the Sabbath from desecration, humbly sheweth that your memorialists understand that the Channel fleet is about to visit the Firth of Forth. Your memorialists respectfully bring under your notice the great importance of issuing such an order as will prevent the general public from being received on the Sabbath as visitors on board of the ships under your command. Your memorialists fear that, if such an order be not issued, a great amount of desecration of the Sabbath will take place by parties seeking admission to the ships on that day. That such arrangement is in accordance with the sanctity of the Sabbath, and will meet with the general approbation of the religious people of Scotland.

"Signed in the name and on behalf of the Sabbath Alliance of Scotland,

"JAMES BLAKADDER, Chairman.

"Edinburgh, July 22, 1863."

In answer to this application the following reply was received from the admiral:—

"Edgar, at Sunderland, July 26, 1863.

"Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 24th inst., enclosing a memorial from the Sabbath Alliance of Scotland, requesting me to consider the great importance of issuing an order to prevent the general public from being received on board the ships of the Channel squadron during its stay in the Firth of Forth. And, in reply, I beg to inform you that on board her Majesty's ships on Sundays Divine service is regularly performed, and no irregularity permitted that would desecrate that or any other day. All persons visiting the ships would be required to conform themselves strictly to these regulations. I therefore see no necessity for my preventing the public from simply visiting the ships after the hours of Divine service. My orders are to give every facility to the inhabitants in the vicinity of the ports I call at to visit the squadron; and, although they will not be specially invited to do so on Sunday more than on other days, I see no reason to fear a greater amount of desecration of the day than will happen in officers and others landing from the squadron, which I do not suppose the memorialists will endeavour to prevent.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"S. C. DACRES, Rear-Admiral Commanding."

There are some matters in that reply which I will advert to presently; but, in the first place, I wish the commission to notice that the responsibility of opening these ships on Sabbath is in that communication said to lie with the Admiralty—those who give orders. It is intimated here that the admiral acts under orders to give every facility to visitors in the different ports at which he touches of seeing the fleet, and there is no indication that these general orders contain the slightest exception in regard to the Sabbath day. We, of course, took for granted that this was a misunderstanding of the orders, and that by making application to the Lords of the Admiralty we would discover that the orders to give every facility to visit the fleet did not include any violation of the law of the land and the Divine law by opening these ships as mere places of sight-seeing on the Lord's day. Accordingly, a communication was addressed to the Duke of Somerset, as First Lord of the Admiralty. In answer to that letter I regret very much that the following communication has been received:—

"Her Majesty's ship Enchantress, Sheerness, July 21.

"Sir,—I am desired by the Duke of Somerset to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 24th inst., and to acquaint you that his grace is not prepared to lessen the facilities at present afforded to the inhabitants of the ports at which the Channel fleet touches of seeing the ships of war, as it is composed by marine, any new regulations to prevent her Majesty's ships from being visited by the public on Sundays.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"ROBERT HALL."

Well, then, it would appear that the responsibility of opening the ships on the Sabbath day rests with the Admiralty, that they have issued orders under which the admiral acts, and that these ships shall be thrown open on the Sabbath as well as on other days as objects of curiosity to the general community. No doubt, men say, "If people choose to violate the Lord's day how can they be hindered?" But that is not the question. If people violate the Lord's day the sin is with themselves; but if the Government of the country hold out temptations to the people to violate the Lord's day, the sin will rest to a large extent with them. It seems to me a most solemn consideration that the rulers of this country should take part, if the Admiralty are acting under the authority of the Government, which I presume they are, for I could mention another fact to show that the Government themselves have refused to interfere—I say it is a most solemn thing that they should violate, and teach the people to violate, a part of the Divine law. It is a very important question what this commission ought to do, and I think it is to instruct our special committee to use their utmost influence to bring before the Government the important question which has thus been raised, and to endeavour to induce them so to alter their regulations that these ships shall not be used as places of sight-seeing on the Sabbath, and on the other hand it seems to me that all our ministers, especially in those places at which the fleet may touch, should be urged to deal faithfully with the people in regard to the duty and the privilege of observing the day of God.

After some discussion, the commission instructed the Sabbath committee to take such steps as they might think it expedient in the way of communicating with presbyteries and ministers on the subject.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD CLYDE.

On the 20th of October, 1792, there was born in Glasgow, or close by that city, then almost as quiet as in the days of Pailie Nicol Jarvie, a child in whose veins the gentle blood of the Highland lady commingled with that of the lowland mechanic. No ray of hope or fortune illuminated his humble cradle; but by his own right hand, and by the exhibit of a qualities which have raised nameless lads to fortune before now, that child came to fill a place among the foremost soldiers and highest dignitaries of the day. At a very early age he was taken from Scotland and put to school abroad and in England, and for many years he never revisited his native land. He came to his mother's side of a martial race, and in 1808, before he was sixteen years of age, one of his maternal relatives sent for him to come to London from a military school at Gosport, to enter the army. The boy's uncle was well known to the Duke of York, and his request for a commission for his sister's son was at once complied with.

Colin Campbell, now ensign in the East Norfolk Regiment, was at once taken to a military outfitter—a pigtail was attached to the back of his head, a tight-fitting, epauleted short-waisted, red coat covered with lace, a pair of leather knee-breeches, and belted Hessian boots were also duly provided for him, and he was sent off the same evening to Canterbury to join the 9th Regiment of Foot, which may be said to have commenced its military career with the arrival of the young officer, as its colours, then virgin, were only about to be decorated with the names of the battles in which he first saw fire. He had no time to enjoy the pleasure of his fine uniform, for the regiment marched the next day to embark for the Peninsula; and Lord Clyde was sent, when a war-seasoned veteran, to recall the miseries of his first march to Margate in his leather tights and Hessian boots, and to declare that he endured more pain in the unaccustomed, and it may be added unsuitable, attire on that occasion than he ever knew in his long afterlife of march-making. The young soldier's apprenticeship to his trade was ready, rough and rude—no holiday, no play time—for in three weeks from the time when he had quitted the schoolboy's desk at Gosport, he saw the French infantry cresting the hillsides of Vimiera, and took part in the opening actions of the series of campaigns which, after many checks and some reverses, led to the liberation of thence Spain from the yoke of Bonaparte. That the fortune of war is even more capricious than the blind goddess who regulates the ordinary matters of life, he might, no doubt, have felt after our early successes, when, with unwilling steps, he was obliged to trudge with his regiment before the columns of Soult to Oronna, where the lion turned to bay and rent his pursuer. That she is sometimes constant in her animosities he must have been assured when, scarce landed from the transport which carried him from the shores of Spain, he was ordered off to participate in the shame, suffering, and disasters of the Walcheren expedition in 1809. The fever struck into his body so keenly that, until he went to China thirty years afterwards, "Walcheren" as he said, "was with me every season." From Walcheren he returned to Spain in 1810, where, with better fortune and guidance, he shared in the battle of Barossa in March, 1811, and the defence of Tarifa in January 5, 1812; and in 1812 he was transferred to a corps of the Spanish army, with which he was actively engaged against the French in a long series of harassing skirmishes and operations, which are known to the Spaniards, but not to us, as important actions. In this year he also took part in the unsuccessful movement against the French at Tarragona. In 1813 he joined the Duke of Wellington's army again, and plunged into the thickest of the hard fighting which took place in that memorable year. He had in his first years service reached the grade of lieutenant; and now, at the age of twenty-one, he had made a name for activity, courage, and determination, which began to be heard throughout the army. He passed unscathed through Vittoria, the greatest of our victories after Waterloo, in that quarter of the century; but in the breach of St. Sebastian he was not so fortunate. He led a forlorn hope which rushed to the aid of the neglected stormers, and he received two wounds in that desperate encounter. On the 9th of November, 1813, he became a captain by brevet, and in that position the hero of St. Sebastian, who had now added to his wounds a bullet path through the thigh, received at the passage of the Bidassoa, remained for twelve long years.

He had now been transferred to the 60th Rifles, and when the brief war was over in America, Colin Campbell was left on the same rung of the ladder of promotion, and he steadily, but not contentedly, hung on it till he was thirty-three years of age—a captain still—seeing younger men with less service and longer purses pulled up over his head. In 1823 he served as brigade-major of the forces employed in reducing the blacks in Demerara, where he revived the dormant venom of his Walcheren fever. From that period the state of the world so far as Great Britain was concerned, gave him no opportunity of active work against an enemy, and for many years he was employed on a duty which he often spoke of as most disgusting to a soldier; he was obliged to protect by military force the elections and sales for the recovery of tithes, then so common in Ireland. Sour and angry, in the prime of life and full consciousness of power and ability, he had almost resigned himself to the career of a major on half-pay, when the opportunity occurred, and with doubt and hesitation he availed himself of it. A few hundred pounds made all the difference between his dying an obscure veteran, and his rise in the world as the field-marshal of Great Britain whose breast blazed with orders, whose name was in every one's lips in the days of trial and danger, and who sat by the descendants of Marlborough and Wellington in the House of Peers, honoured by his Sovereign and his country.

When the interests of commerce and civilization made it necessary for Great Britain to declare war against China in 1841, Colin Campbell, who had been gazetted as lieutenant-colonel ten years before, went out in command of the 98th. From China to India is a common step, though it is not attended with benefit to the constitution. Colonel Campbell had a short repose in Hindostan, but it was broken by the outbreak of the Sikh war. In virtue of his seniority he was appointed to the command of the Third Division of the army of the Punjab, and he soon flamed out on the field with more than the old Peninsular fire, and led his men with such skill that in all the great battles in which we stood foot to foot with the sternest foe we ever met or are likely to meet in India, his soldiers appeared in the very crisis of the fight. At Ramnuggur, at Chillianwallah, where, in directing a most important and timely movement, he was again wounded, and at Ghojerat, he earned the name of an able general in addition to that of the thorough soldier which he had won and enjoyed so long.

Colin Campbell was now, however, on the upward path, and, though he knew it not, his star was rising rapidly in the ascendant. The ship of the State drifted into the Russian war, and from her decks, in 1854, marched the Glasgow boy at the head of three kilted and plumed regiments, which, fortunate in their chief and in their place, won much honour with little loss at the Alma, and almost as much reputation in so far as one of them was concerned, with no loss at all on the famous day of Balaclava, when the thin red line of the 93rd was opposed to the Russian cavalry. Lord Raglan, to whom Sir Colin Campbell was not much known except by report, knew, however, that he was one whose eye never closed, and whose hand never relaxed, and therefore he covered up the right flank of his army with the "Giant Brigade," and gave them general the charge of Balaclava and all its works. There he had, indeed, little of the glory of battle, but much wearying anxiety and incessant vigilance. On the retirement of Sir James Simpson from the command of the army of the Crimea, which had "devoured" more than half a million of his death, it was supposed that nobody else would have been suc-

ceeded by Sir Colin Campbell; but to the astonishment of those capable of being astonished by anything "down there" a Guardsman, who had never seen a shot fired by an enemy till he led up his division at the Alma, after the fashion of Mr. Kunglaks's British generals, was appointed over the head of one who had earned a soldier's name more than forty years ago, and was known as a good general in the field long before Wellington had got his bloodless eulogy. It is not to be wondered at that the soldier, now fairly to be described as old more in respect of services than of years, felt this "accident" to be more than he could be fairly called on to tolerate. He went to England, and it was only at the request of one whose wish was his law that he returned to the Crimea to take a command which would, no doubt, have worthily employed him, but had peace abruptly prevented the campaign. He had been gazetted a major-general in 1854. In the October of the same year he was appointed to the colonelcy of the 67th Regiment. On the 4th of June, 1856, he was made lieutenant-general, and in that rank he fairly settled down, almost surprised at his late honours, if not quite satisfied with the part he had played in the great war wherein they were bestowed.

But his great work was yet to be accomplished. One may count on his fingers the years of peace and rest which Colin Campbell passed in his long life, but his years of active service almost comprised the half-century in which were chronicled the great and little wars in which the British standard had been lifted from the beginning of the Peninsular campaigns to the present time. When we were startled by the Indian mutiny, it was not a favourite in high places or a *dilettante* soldier who was selected to save our tottering empire. There was a sigh of satisfaction and content throughout the country when we were told that Sir Colin Campbell had at a moment's notice, and with alacrity best described, perhaps, as Napierian, started off to take command of the forces engaged in putting down that which history will call the Great Mutiny. And history will tell how it was put down. From the time that Sir Colin Campbell took the field and set his columns in motion, rebellion, the offspring of mutiny, withered and died. It is beyond our limits to describe his work. The impatient and ignorant civilians and their creatures have best described the nature of it in the nickname they applied to him of "Kuberdar," or "Take Care." He did "take care"—took care so well that no surprise of a single detachment, no capture of one solitary post stationed by him, ever took place; took care that when once his army was in motion it flowed over the land as regularly as the tide covers the beach, and that there was no ebb thenceforth; took care that the British army advanced with his van, and never, where he had drawn the line of its march, was described on any other tracing, till at last he stood on the banks of the Raptah, and, looking over the wide expanse of Hindostan, could feel that he had made safe the supremacy of the Queen he served. Suffice it to say that his plan of operations was completely successful, and he left the rebels subdued and India pacified. Honours were showered upon him. On the 18th of August, 1858, he was made Lord Clyde; in 1859 he received the thanks of both houses of parliament, with a pension of 2,000*l.*; in 1860 he was made a colonel of the Coldstream Guards; and in 1861 he was nominated a Knight of the Star of India. But it was too late: a life of labour and anxiety had exhausted his strength. The death of Sir James Outram and of Lord Herbert of Lea grievously affected him, and it was evident to those who saw him that his strength was waning. In the spring of the present year he was seized with an alarming attack from which he never completely recovered. Some weeks ago he suffered a relapse, and after a lingering struggle, he succumbed on Friday, at Chatham.

As a military officer it cannot be said that Lord Clyde was a great strategist. The operations which he undertook were not such as to entitle him to be placed in the same category with Napoleon or Wellington. But he was thoroughly efficient in every situation in which he was tried. Others might be more daring and ingenious in devising combinations and in planning a campaign. But in the face of the enemy Lord Clyde was in his element. His coolness, prudence, and fertility of resource seemed to be quickened by the presence of the enemy. That roughness of deportment which characterized him on ordinary occasions disappeared with the sound of the first gun; his irritable temperament was soothed, and he became abnormally polite. Amidst the smoke and din of battle his senses acquired a supernatural acuteness—he could interpret the changing signs of the battle and anticipate the movements of the enemy with a faultless precision which was almost miraculous. This strong and cool judgment exercised in the most trying circumstances amounted almost to genius.

Nor was he destitute of the power which is possessed by most great soldiers of inspiring confidence in the men under his command. Like most Scotsmen, whose enthusiasm for their country is proportioned to the few years spent there, he lost no opportunity of advancing his fellow-countrymen, and they required his attention with no common veneration. But indeed whenever he held command he earned the confidence of his superior officer and the love of the men under him. "Rude was he in his speech" on ordinary occasions, but yet in the crisis of a battle he could utter words which thrilled the hearts of those to whom they were addressed. "Highlanders!" exclaimed Sir Colin Campbell, as they came to the charge on the heights above the Alma, "grant me a favour. Let me have to ask the Queen's permission for you to wear a bonnet. Don't pull a trigger until you get within a yard of the Russians." The Scots obeyed the command, and won the bonnet. Again, when he announced to his men that they were about to assault the Redan, he said—"General Simpson says we are to take the Redan to-night; so be prepared. Recollect, I shall lead you myself." But the Redan was abandoned, and the assault became unnecessary.

Such was Colin, Lord Clyde. He is gone; but his name will rank with the great soldiers who fought under Marlborough and Wellington.

SUICIDE OF TWO BROTHERS.—The border village of Yetholm was recently thrown into a state of extreme excitement by the discovery that Mr. George Thomson, who, with his brother, occupied Yetholm Mill, had committed suicide by hanging himself in his own granary, the rope having been attached to the rafters. But the excitement produced by this event was intensified when it became known that the brother of the above, named Thomas, had likewise put an end to his existence by similar means, he having hanged himself in one of the garrets of the dwelling-house. Thomas, it seems, in consequence of symptoms which he showed after his brother's suicide, had to be watched; but by some means, when his attendant was absent from the room, and the door locked, he had managed to lay hold of a rope, and before the return of his keeper had executed his fatal purpose. No immediate cause can be assigned for the rash act on the part of either, as both were in comfortable circumstances. One of them, Thomas, was married, and has left a family.

LONGEVITY IN IRELAND.—Among the 5,794,967 persons enumerated in Ireland at the census of 1861 no less than 712 were returned as being of the age of one hundred years and upwards; 279 of these aged persons were men, and 434 were women.

A FOOD AND LUXURY WITHIN A FAULT.—No parent or invalid should fail to buy Maizena. It was republished by the late Exhibition "Exceedingly Excellent for food," and obtained the two prize medals, being the only awards gained by any article of its kind. Maizena is highly recommended by our first physicians as the best, richest, most palatable, and most nutritious food for invalids and children, and prepared according to the directions given, it may be made into the most delicious cakes, custards, puddings, blanc-mâtes, and other exquisite dishes, effecting a wonderful saving in sugar, isinglass, &c. [Advertisement.]

VIEWS AND SCENES IN
INDIA.

THE death of Lord Clyde, and the recent capture of Nana Sahib, have revived the interest felt during the progress of the Sepoy revolt in Indian matters. We, therefore, this week present the readers of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* with a view of the city of Lucknow, recaptured from the rebel Sepoys by the army of Lord Clyde, and of the subsequent capture of guns from the mutineers at Cawnpore.

The Oude sepoy, undaunted by Sir Colin Campbell's gallant exploits at Lucknow and its neighbourhood, broke up from Calpee and marched on Cawnpore, where General Windham was stationed with three regiments and a part of the Naval Brigade. General Windham does not seem to have been aware of the full force of the enemy. On the 26th of November he attacked their advanced force, 3,000 strong, and defeated it at a place called Pandoo, eight miles from Cawnpore. After this he seems to have marched back part of the way, for the spot where he was attacked in turn the next day was about four miles from the entrenchments. We may conclude that the enemy attacked in full force, 14,000 strong, with a numerous cavalry and forty guns. The result was that General Windham's force was obliged to fall back rapidly on its entrenchments. It was outflanked; the Naval Brigade, which served the heavy guns, deserted them, and the 64th, which made the boldest stand, was terribly cut up. Two officers of this regiment were taken, mutilated, and savagely murdered. One was beaten to death, the other hanged on the gallows erected by General Neill for the mutineers. But vengeance was soon to fall on the perpetrators of these enormities. Sir Colin Campbell, who is said to have heard the firing at a vast distance, marched forty-three miles in thirty-one hours, and came suddenly upon the enemy, swept them from their position in front of General Windham's entrenchments, and captured sixteen guns. The next few days he devoted to getting the women and children safely down to Allahabad, and on the 7th of December he attacked the Gwalior men, who had, it appears, established themselves in the native town of Cawnpore. "The enemy," we are told, "was shelled out of the town, and then attacked with the rifle. The loss of the mutineers was fearful, and the whole army, 14,000 strong, fled in utter confusion." They were pursued for fourteen miles along the Calpee road, and lost all their guns



THE LATE LORD CLYDE, K.C.B., F.M.

but eight, all their battery carts, waggons, ammunition, stores, and baggage.

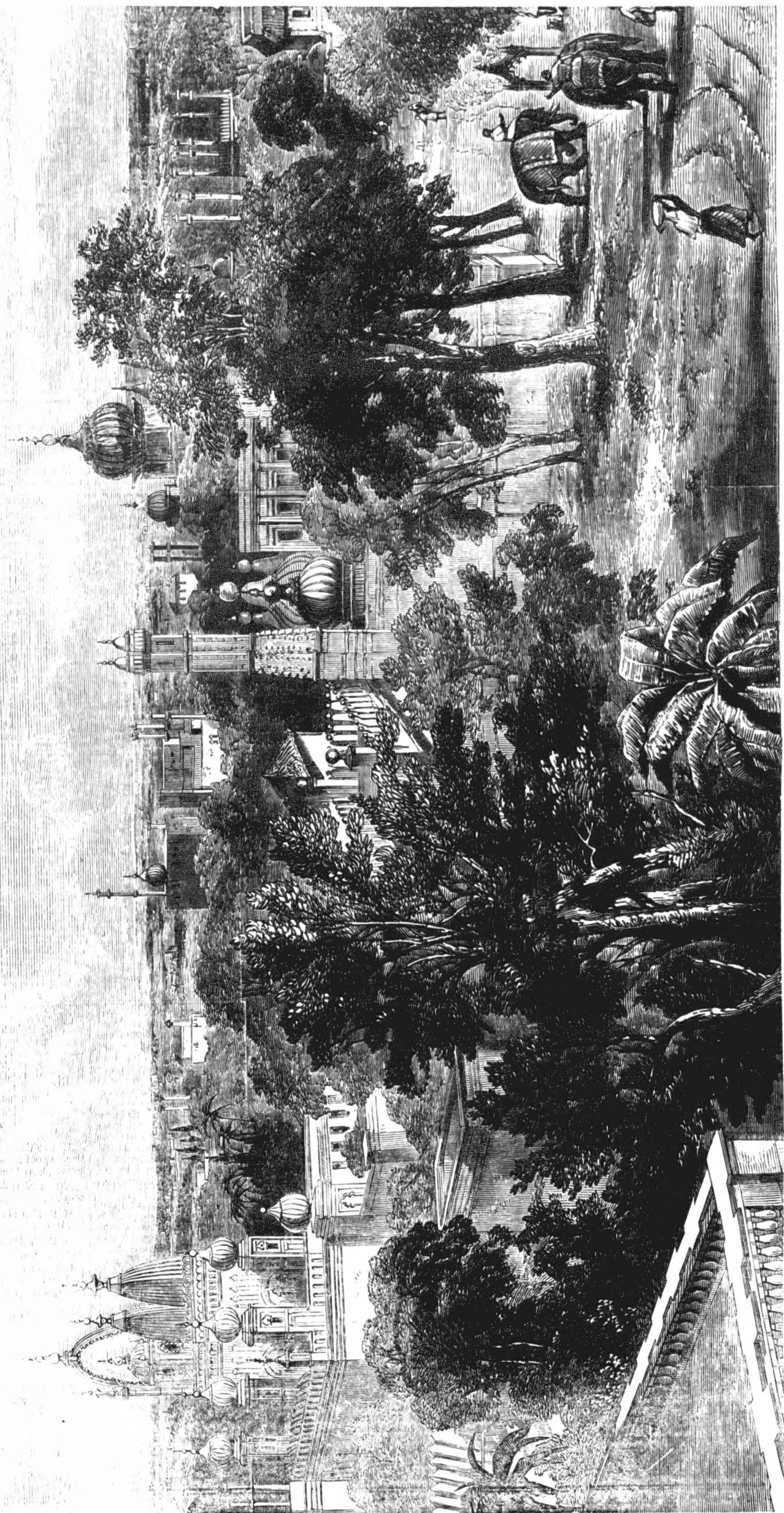
Another illustration represents the rebel Sepoys returning to Lucknow after a sortie, of course, previous to the arrival of Campbell's avenging army.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE
CAWNPORE MASSACRE
TOOK PLACE.

We give in p. 156 an engraving of the house to which the innocent women and children were butchered in cold blood by the wretched miscreant Nana Sahib. No British heart can think of the horrid scenes there enacted without feelings of sadness and righteous indignation. In a letter from the special correspondent of the *Times*, we have the following particulars respecting the site of the horrid butchery which has rendered the Sepoy mutiny infamous for ever. "The house," says Mr. Russell, "in which it took place is now in ruins. It was pulled down to clear the ground for the guns of the *tele de pont* across the Ganges, and the very outline of the walls is scarcely traceable. It was originally built for, and used as, a zenana, an enclosed residence, with a court-yard in the centre, in which the stump of a tree was still standing; and off this open space were the rooms where the massacre took place. The plaster of the walls was still lying about in patches, but I could not detect any trace of blood. Bits of cloth and of women's dresses were still visible amid the rubbish; but there were none of the more painful tokens of the dreadful tragedy which had been acted where we stood. There is reason to believe that the writing on the plaster, the purport of which you know, did not exist when the rebels force entered the place. I have spoken with the officers who examined the walls, and every scratch in the sides of the rooms, and they declare that the appeal to vengeance which is attributed to one of the wretched victims was not to be seen immediately after we returned to Cawnpore, and that it had been traced on the wall by some person who visited the place subsequently. As there was nothing left of the house but a heap of broken bricks and plaster and some few stumps of brick pillars, we walked a few paces further to the well in the rear of the house, into which the bodies of the slaughtered women and children were thrown by the murderers. It is now bricked over, and there only remains a small circular ridge of



BATTLE OF CAWNPORE—RECOVERING THE GUNS.



GENERAL VIEW OF LUCKNOW. (See page 152.)

brick marking the wall of the well, which was not more than nine or ten feet across. Beneath rest the mangled remains of our poor countrywomen and their little ones, and standing there we could well realise the strength of that indignation which steals the heart of the soldiers against the enemy. Within a few feet of the well, surrounded by a small wooden paling, there stands a stone cross on a flat slab, on two courses of masonry, the inscription on which tells its story:—In memory of the women and children of her Majesty's 32nd Regiment, who were slaughtered near this spot on the 16th of July, A.D. 1857. This memorial was erected by twenty men of the same regiment, who were passing through Cawnpore, November 21st, 1857.

This inscription is engraved on the upright part of the slab which is in the form of a Maltese cross, within a circle of stone. In the quadrants of this circle are inscribed, in letters in the old English character, 'I believe in the Resurrection of the Dead.' The conception and execution of this memorial were most creditable. In the ranks of a marching regiment were found 'twenty men' who, with good feeling and excellent taste, have, impromptu, raised a memorial of the Cawnpore massacre, the sight of which must touch one more deeply than any elaborate and costly effort."

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF AN AFRICAN KING.

The following letter has been received by the Duke of Wellington from the celebrated lion-hunter, M. Jules Gerard:—

"Monsieur le Duc, Your grace is well aware that few men gain by being seen close, unless they are men of intellect and merit. The King of Dahomey, despite his cognomen which signifies the 'Eternal,' or the 'Infinite,' fully justifies that title to which he is no exception. Physically he is similar to the other blacks of his country, tall, well built, his head like a bull-dog. The most usual expression of his countenance is that of cunning and cruelty. His moral qualities are in perfect keeping with his physical conformation. He is more gracious than the kings who have preceded him, fanatical for old traditions and customs. The traditions of that microscopic court are to turn the whites to the best possible account (*ex parte les blancs*), but especially to induce them to make presents. It is the custom to excite the people with sanguinary spectacles, so as to be able to carry off the neighbouring population when a slave-dealer makes an offer to the King, and also at the annual custom of human sacrifices.

"I have just spent twenty days at Kana, where the King was staying for the celebration of the lesser ceremonies. On the day of my presentation I was conducted across the market place, where twelve corpses were exposed to view on separate sites. Six were hung up by the feet, the six others were upright like men about so walk. Those whom I saw close were horribly mutilated and not beheaded. An enormous pool of blood covered the ground beneath the scaffold, giving unmistakable evidence of previous sacrifices and of the tortures which accompanied them. Our reception by the King was brilliant, very cordial for myself as well as for the French consul; but we were soon able to convince ourselves that this was but a comedy always performed by this poor Paladin to get the presents brought by the whites. Born and brought up in the midst of these spectacles, which would be ridiculous if they were not horrible, the present King is actually more fond of them than his subjects. I saw him on that day admiring with the delight of a child, the grotesque dances and ridiculous pantomime of his ministers, and then of the Princess, and then of all present, for our amusement. A most infernal music, which nearly drenched us, delighted the King, who seemed to be in a state of ecstasy; and this, M. le Duc, lasted for six hours. On the following day his Majesty invited us to witness a procession of the King's riches. On reaching the square of the palace (read here) an agreeable surprise had been prepared for us. The entrance gate was flanked by a pool of blood two yards in width, and on each side a column of recently decapitated heads formed two immense chaplets. It is true that on this day the King wore the emblem of Christ on his breast. It must be presumed that it was the cross of execution that he meant to imply by this ornament. As regards the procession of his wealth, it consisted of a few old carriages, bath chairs carried by men with figures like Polichinello. One thousand women carried each a bottle of liquor on her head, a brass basin in the shape of a footbath to receive the blood of the human victims on the day of the King's banquet; an image of the Virgin; various baskets full of human skulls; an image of St. Lawrence, as large as life, carried by blacks; finally, the 'drum of death.'

"At another festival the King commanded on foot his Amazons, who manoeuvred with the precision of a flock of sheep. On the market-place already mentioned each step was ornamented by a dead body; and the King came and went in the midst of pools of blood and fragments of human flesh in a state of putrefaction. On this occasion he had daubed his face with coal. The ceremony terminated by a mad dance, in which the King took part, dancing *vis-a-vis* to drunken soldiers and musicians. Such are, M. le Duc, the man, the Government, and the people whom we have hitherto hoped to turn into a path less contrary to the laws of humanity. I regret that Captain Burton should have arrived at Kana just at the moment of the King's departure, as he might have been enabled to see and judge of all these things.

"I am, M. le Duc, your most obedient servant,

"JULES GERARD

"P.S. On the day of his departure the King invited us to a review of his army prepared for war. It was from 12,000 to 14,000 strong, comprising 12,000 Amazons, 1,000 men of the body-guard, and 2,000 archers."

SUPERSTITION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—The other day, a labouring man from Worplesdon called upon a chemist in Guildford, and gravely informed him that his wife had been bewitched two years ago, and that she had remained in that state ever since, much to the grief of her husband and family, and annoyance of her neighbours. He said that he had been informed that if he got a quarter of a pound of mercury, and mixed it up with the yolk of two eggs, and gave a dose to his wife night and morning in water "over which the living and the dead had been carried," she would soon recover. Of course the chemist tried to ridicule him out of his silly notion, but the foolish man went away as fully persuaded as before that his wife was bewitched, and avowing his intention of getting the mercury and the water before he quitted Guildford.—*West Surrey Times*

HOPK LONG DEFERRED MAKETH THE HEART SICK.—At the recent examination (says the *Dundee Courier*) of Mr. John Logie, farmer, Murray's Hall, on his sister entering the box to be examined, the following conversation took place between her and the opposing agent:—Agent: "How old are you?" "Oh, weel, sir, I am an unmarried woman, and I dinna think it right to a swer that question." The Judge: "Oh, yes, answer the gentleman how old you are." Miss Jane: "Weel a weel, I am fifty." Agent: "Are you not more?" "Weel, I am sixty." The inquisitive writer still farther asked if she had hopes of getting married, to which Miss Jane replied, "Weel, sir, I wina surely tell a lie; I dinna lost hope yet." And she scornfully added, "But I wina marry you, for I am sick and tired o' your palaver already." The examination then proceeded.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr H. James, the retired physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physicians and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 4, King-street Covent garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

Theatricals, Music, &c.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—This now elaborately embellished theatre will re-open under the management of Mr. Falconer and Mr. Chatterton, on the 12th of next month, with the new comedy by Mr. Falconer, and a new serio-comic drama, with the scenery by Mr. Grieve. Mr. Phelps is engaged, and will appear on Monday, October 12th, in "Maufred," which will be illustrated with some new and original music, and some novel and pictorial effects, from the skilful pencil of Mr. W. Telbin. For the Christmas novelty, Mr. William Beverley will illustrate the wonders of Fairland, and thus the next season of the national establishment promises to be one of unusual attraction.

PRINCESS'S.—This house re-opens for a short season this evening, under the management of Mr. Walter Montgomery. To-night and Monday, the "Merchant of Venice," and "Not a Bad Judge." Shylock and Lavater by the manager.

OLYMPIA.—"The Ticket of Leave Man" continues its career of success; Mr. Atkins, one of the able supporters of which, takes his benefit on Tuesday, when Mr. Tom Taylor's play will be preceded by Planché's comic drama of the "Jacobite."

LYCEUM.—In consequence of the crowded audiences that, up to the very last night, attended the representation of "The Duke's Motto," Mr. Fechter has determined on continuing the run of this singularly successful drama when the Lyceum Theatre re-opens. As the prolonged career it has already enjoyed would, however, involve the necessity of completely renovating the appointments, Mr. Fechter has remained in town during the last week to personally superintend the arrangements for the new scenery, costumes and appliances, with which the drama will be re-fitted on the resumption of its former prominent position in the bills. Thus brought out with new and more elaborately-developed accessories, there is no reason to doubt that the public will still flock to the theatre that shows such marvellous faith in the permanent attraction of its earliest production.

STRAND.—Mr. Leigh Murray re-appeared at this house, after his late severe indisposition, on Monday, in his favourite character of Horatio Craven, in "His First Campaign," and was received as he always is, with enthusiasm. The celebrated burlesque of "The Duke's Motto" followed, and was succeeded by, for the first time, a new farce, called "Turn Him Out," which, judging by the merriment its incidents provoked, produced a result favourable to all concerned—author, actors, and audience. The plot of this trifling turns upon the miseries suffered by a Mr. Mackintosh Moke (Mr. Volaire), who under pretence of business has left his wife (Miss Thorne) and her maid (Miss Jenny White) in all the seclusion of his suburban villa, whilst he proceeds to Scarborough to win the affections of a gay widow. During his absence his wife has been followed home by an impertinent coxcomb (Mr. Belford), who, failing to obtain an entrance to the house by the door, enters by a window, to the annoyance of the mistress and her maid. To eject him they call in the assistance of an itinerant toy-vendor (Mr. H. Turner). The husband secretly returning is mistaken by the ladies' champion for their persecutor, and accordingly he is ejected from his own residence. Thrice does the enraged spouse return to vindicate his rights of possession, and thrice is he repulsed by the self-constituted champion of the unprotected female; the humour of the situation being increased by the unwelcome appearance of the obtrusive admirer, at the very moment he is believed to have been most effectually expelled. The various changes rung upon concealment in chests and behind curtains having reached the limits of theatrical permutation, and the fertile field of mistaken identity having been thoroughly reaped by familiar farcical machinery, the mystery is cleared up after the usual fashion, and a general interchange of apologies obtains the customary reconciliation. The incidents, if not startling in their originality, give abundant scope for practical fun, of which the actors made the most.

SURREY.—Mr. Shepherd announces that he will re-open this theatre, in conjunction with the celebrated tragedian, Mr. James Anderson. The following is Mr. Shepherd's announcement. This alliance, he says, "he feels assured will be received as a guarantee of his earnest desire to elevate and strengthen, by every available means in his power, the style and character of the entertainments provided for the patrons of the Royal Surrey Theatre, and to place it upon an equality with the first in the metropolis. Their friends and supporters will find that no effort will be wanting nor outlay spared, to present to their patrons the most distinguished productions of our great English authors, supported and illustrated by the best English actors. In making patent this, their sincere resolution, they do not profess to exclude from their repertoire the justly admired productions of foreign dramatic literature, which also shall be rendered in the completest manner, aided by the grandest scenic illustrations, designed and executed by the most accomplished artists of the day. The theatre will open early in September."

ALFRED MELLON'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Entertainments of this kind, and in a magnificent establishment in the very heart of London, are suitable to the present season, not a little pleasure being implied in the genial word "promenade." Mr. Mellon's experience with respect to grand instrumental and vocal concerts has proved to him how greatly success—in the business sense of the term—depends on a light and varied programme as a general rule, with special nights, for example, a Mozart, a Haydn, a Beethoven, or a Mendelssohn, one as the exception, solid or brilliant, as the case may be. The theatre itself, as arranged for these promenades, presents a magnificent and cheerful *coup d'œil*. The pit which is partly furnished with chairs, is entirely boarded over and on a level with the stage, in the centre of which is the capacious orchestra, accommodating nearly one hundred musicians, all of acknowledged talent and many of eminence. On each side, and at the back of the orchestra, are commodious seats and little tables, the latter sufficiently suggestive of the adjacent buffet, where all kinds of good things are provided, on reasonable terms, by Mr. or Signor Brunetti, of Pont-street, Belgravia. The concerts have been well attended since their commencement.

MUSIC HALLS in the metropolis are so exceedingly numerous that we must be excused from noticing them separately. The Oxford, Weston's, Philharmonic, Canterbury, Turnham's, Albion, &c., &c., have been well attended, and the entertainments provided of a character, in most instances, that have done credit to the managers. The habit of encoring vehemently everything by the vulgar portion of the audience requires putting down. It is quite bad enough for us, as is frequently the case, to have to listen to the same vocalist sing twice at, say, six different music halls in one evening.

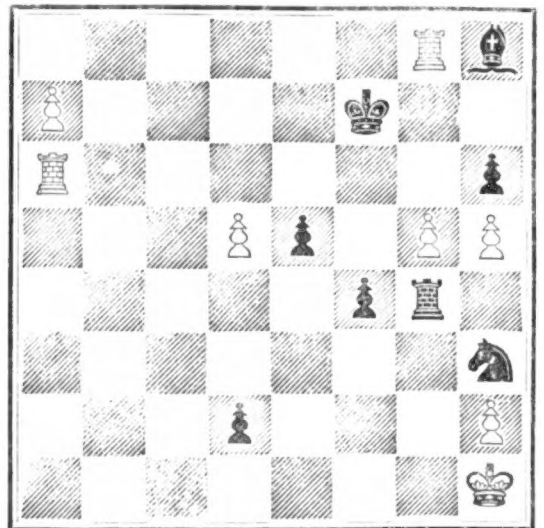
THE OPERA IN PARIS.—It appears certain that Mdlle. Titiens will shortly appear at the Grand Opera, where she is engaged for a certain number of nights. What is much less certain is the report that M. Meyerbeer is coming to Paris to witness her debut, with a view to the production of his long-talked-of work "Le Africaine," Mdlle. Titiens is to sing in "The Huguenots," of which there are to be four representations. M. Bagier has definitely engaged Mdlle. Patti both for Paris and Madrid. Her salary receives is not only extravagant, but it is really preposterous—£120 sterling a night. Is there no means of putting a stop to these extortionate exactions?

PURRIFF.—"God Bless the Prince of Wales."—This new National Song (composed by Mr. Brinsley Richards) will be introduced by Mr. Kennedy in his Entertainment on the Songs of Scotland, accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. Land, at Purriff, Monday, August 24th.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 129—By F. G. RAINGER, Esq.

Black



White.

White to move, and win.

The following interesting game was some time ago played between a strong metropolitan player and an amateur of Norwich:—

Amateur, Norwich.

White.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. Kt takes P
4. Kt to K B 3 (best)
5. B to K 2
6. Kt to Q B 3
7. P to Q 4
8. B to Q 2
9. Castles
10. B to Q 3
11. K R to K square
12. P to Q R 3
13. P to K R 3
14. Q takes B
15. R to K 6
16. Q R to K square
17. R takes Kt (best)
18. P takes R
19. Q to K R 5
20. Kt takes K P
21. Q to K Kt 5
22. P to Q Kt 3 (f)
23. Kt to K Kt 3
24. K to R 2
25. R to K B square (g)
26. Kt to K B 5
27. B to K B 4 (h)
28. B takes R
29. Q to K R 6
30. P to K Kt 4
31. K to Kt 3
32. K to R 4

Amateur, London.

Black.

1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 3 (a)
3. Q to K 2 (b) (best)
4. Q takes P (ch)
5. P to Q Kt 3
6. Q to Q Kt 2 (c)
7. B to Q Kt 5
8. P to Q 4
9. Kt to K 2
10. B to K Kt 5
11. Castles (d)
12. B to Q 3
13. B takes Kt
14. P to Q B 3
15. Q to Q 2
16. B to K 4 (good)
17. Q takes R
18. P takes R
19. P to K 5
20. P to K Kt 3 (e)
21. Q to K B 2
22. P to Q Kt 4
23. Q takes P (ch)
24. Kt to Q 2
25. Q to Q 5
26. Q to K 4 (ch)
27. R takes Kt
28. Q takes B at B 4
29. R to K B square (i)
30. Q takes P (ch)
31. Q to Q B 6 (ch)
32. Q to K Kt 2

White resigns.

(a) This is a most unusual defence, giving to the first player an early advantage.

(b) If P takes Kt, White wins easily.

(c) Apparently the best move at command. The Queen, as now placed, still attacks the K's side.

(d) The positions are now about equal.

(e) Preferable to capturing the Kt.

(f) Well played. If Black P takes Kt, White B to K B 4, winning the adverse Q.

(g) White could now have easily drawn the game by capturing the K Kt P with B, but having an advantage in attack and also in strength of position, was determined to play out the game rather than relinquish as drawn, a position so much in his favour.

(h) A sad oversight. White could have interposed Q or Kt on K Kt 3, or even have played K to R square, with an advantage in position.

(i) This move at once decides the game in favour of Black.

[Forwarded by Mr. Rainger.]

J. P. (Yoxford).—Certainly, if the game should possess any features of interest or instruction. Send your address on a stamped envelope, and the diagrams shall be forwarded to you.

A LEARNER.—The Chess Lessons will be resumed in our next number.

H. S. MONGER.—We addressed a communication to you by post, but it was returned through the "Dead Letter" Office.

G. F.—2 P to K B 4 for Black defeats the mate in the problem which you have submitted to us.

GEORGE GREY, T. F., D. P., A. VAUGHAN, W. W., and R. PARKES.—We have forwarded replies to your several inquiries through the post.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

ST. LEGER—5 to 1 agst Mr. Saville's The Ranger (off); 6 to 1 agst Lord St. Vincent's Lord Clifden (0); 10 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Avenger (w).

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELLENT SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best, doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Frost's is free. Wright and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars. Manufacturing, Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]

Law and Police.

COURT JOURNAL.

BOW STREET.

VERY STRANGE CASE.—John Pollard, otherwise Dancer, was placed under arrest on the 17th inst. by Mr. John Fraser Walker, solicitor, of 10, Pall Mall, and charged with stealing a pony and cart, the property of that gentleman. The case was first submitted to the court the previous afternoon, when it was thought desirable, owing to the excited state of the parties, to adjourn the hearing till the next day, the personal recognizance of the defendant being accepted by the magistrate as a sufficient guarantee for his attendance to answer the extraordinary charges preferred against him. The complaint made the following singular statement:—Your worship, I charge this man with a brutal assault and battery, and with having deliberately gone to my stable and stolen a pony and cart. I have known the defendant for some time as a cab proprietor, and an old client of mine. The day before yesterday I saw him on a professional matter. After which I engaged him to drive me to Hammersmith, where I have some property. His cab is a "Hansom" cab. On our way we met with an accident, his horse kicked the stable-boy, and he fell to the ground, and it narrowly escaped with my life. Notwithstanding this, I stood by him, saw him righted, assisted him to put his horse into a stable and deposit his cab for repair, and then I brought him back in another cab to London. He had told me of a friend of his who was willing to part with a pony and cart at an extremely low figure—a real bargain—if the purchaser was introduced by him. I consented to buy it, and I treated him to some ale. We went to see the vehicle, and I gave him a crossed cheque for the money. I was very kind to him, and when he said he should have to pay for his cab license the next day, and had not the money at hand, I said I would go with him to the Lend Levee Office and pay it for him. We had some refreshments together at a public-house, after riding about with the pony and cart, leaving the vehicle outside. When I rose to leave I found that the pony and cart had been taken away, and the defendant had fled also. I was naturally indignant at this conduct, but next morning, at an early hour, I was aroused from my bed by the intimation that the defendant was waiting with the pony outside my house. I forgave him, treated him to a dinner, and went with him to pay for his license; but I found that he was going to take it out in a different name, "Pollard," and I said, "Dancer, as a lawyer I cannot sanction this fraudulent proceeding." However, I paid him £2 and had the pony and cart put up at my own stables in Duke-street, where I have two other horses. Yesterday afternoon he deliberately went to my stables and took the pony and cart away, and by the strangest chance I met him in the street while riding in a cab. I stopped him. He said the cheque I had given was dishonoured, and he had taken forcible possession of the property. An altercation ensued, and he assaulted me in the most scandalous manner. For this outrage, ingratitude, and felony, I bring him here. As for the cheque dishonoured, I need not tell you, sir, that being crossed he could not know whether it would be dishonoured or not. In answer to these charges the defendant made assertions still more extraordinary, declaring that he paid for all the "treating" at the public-house, lent the complainant £50, and even had to pay the cab-fare back from Hammersmith; the complainant being without a farthing. He offered him a cheque for £7 for the license, but nobody would cash it. The pony and cart belonged to a poor old lady, aged eighty, and when she sent the cheque to the bank (the Bank of England, in Southamptons-buildings) she was informed there was "no effect." Could he stand by and see the poor old woman robbed? Certainly not. So he went to the stables and got back the pony and cart. The complainant's witness to the assault, a cabman, said Mr. Walker was not sober; and Mr. Burnaby, the chief clerk, said he was not sober when he first applied to the court. Complainant denied these statements, and on cross-examination refused to say if he had £40s., 10s., or even 2s. at his "bank." He said he took out his money after giving the cheque, seeing that he was likely to be imposed upon. Mr. Henry said there was no pretence for the charges made, and dismissed the case.

WESTMINSTER.

DARING ATTEMPTED ROBBERY IN A DWELLING HOUSE.—COURAGEOUS CONDUCT OF A FEMALE.—A man of respectable appearance, named Henry Cameron, was charged before Mr. Selfe with entering the house 132, Worcester-street, Piccadilly, for the purpose of committing a felony. Georgiana Southwood, dressmaker, said that about half-past eight o'clock the previous night she was going out on business when she saw two men on the steps leading to the street door in conversation with each other. She was absent about five minutes. On her return she saw one of the men standing at the porch of the door, and said to him "What do you do there?" She had no sooner said so than she next heard the wide window-bell cracking. In a minute after she saw the prisoner look out of the window, and leap from there to the steps of the street door. Mr. Selfe: Upon seeing that what did you do? Witness: I rushed up to him and seized hold of him by his collar. I said to him "What business had you in my parlour?" He struggled, and said "Let me go." He tried to get away, and in the struggle we both fell. I called for help, and kept my hold of the prisoner till some one came to my assistance. Mr. Selfe: Did the prisoner do you any injury? Witness: He caught hold of my fingers and forced them back—he nearly broke them. The prisoner was remanded.

CLERKENWELL.

LEPROMANIA.—Daniel Hart, a youth aged 17, who, it was stated, was well connected, was charged with stealing a scarf from the shop of Mr. Charles Shaw, a hatter in Finsbury. The prisoner was seen by the prosecutor to leave his shop. From his suspicious movements he pursued, overtook him, and found the scarf on him. The prisoner, who said nothing, was then given into custody. Mr. Beard, who defended, said he could not account for the prisoner's conduct. He was the son of respectable parents. He had been in one employment two years, and his master entertained so high an opinion of his integrity, that he was still willing to employ him. The prisoner, prior to his going out to service, had a fever, and since then he had occasionally exhibited peculiar ways, in some instances leading his friends to suppose his brain was in some way affected. He had no cause to do the act as he was not without means of having money when he wanted. He asked the magistrate under these circumstances, to allow the prisoner to be restored to his parents. Mr. Beard, the prisoner's former employer, was then called and examined by Mr. Beard, and confirmed the previous statement. The prisoner's mother was also called and in answer to Mr. D'Eyncourt she said that since his illness he has exhibited a strong desire to visit his brothers and sisters, and previous to that he was always kind. Mr. D'Eyncourt said that, giving due weight to the observations that had been made on the prisoner's behalf, he should pass upon him a very light sentence for the unlawful possession by sending him to the House of Correction, with hard labour, for fourteen days.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

A DELICATE INVESTIGATION.—Mrs. Alicia Kenny, a tall, handsome female, residing at 30A, Curzon-street, Mayfair, appeared to answer a summons taken out by Captain Alexander Campbell, of Bury-street, St. James's, for unlawfully using abusive and insulting words to him, with intent to provoke a breach of the peace. Mr. Sleight appeared for the complainant, and Mr. Giffard for the defendant. Mr. Sleight said that the complainant only wanted peace and quietness, and if Mrs. Kenny would promise not to annoy the complainant again there was no wish to go into the case. Mr. Giffard said he was instructed by the defendant to call on the other side. Mr. Sleight then opened the case, and gave an account of the defendant for some years. Upon the afternoon of the 6th July I was walking in Hyde-park with a friend when the defendant passed me in a brougham as I was going from Hyde-park-crescent to Stanhope-gate. As she passed she gestured and made faces. She called me by a wrong name. We went on and the brougham followed us and overtook us in Dean-street, when she called out, "You—beggars, where are you going to pay me the money you owe me?" and afterwards, "Who is keeping you now, you—beggars?" I then turned into South Audley-street, when the brougham was turned round and passed me again. I spoke to a constable and the defendant called out then twice, "Campbell, when will you pay me?" The constable then took her to the station. I had kissed my hand to her and said "Good-night," when in Dean-street. At the station I heard her say to the inspector, "I loved this man, and I love him now. I have supported him," and she then made a lurch towards me, and I thought she was going to kiss me. By Mr. Giffard: I did not put my hand to my nose. Mr. Giffard: Do you mean to say you did not do what is commonly called "taking a sight?" The Captain: No. I kissed my hand. Mr. Giffard: Was it in an affectionate manner, or feigningly? The Captain: In an affectionate manner. I had no connection with the defendant for some months. Mr. Giffard: Did you not say to the policeman, "I'll give this woman protection into custody?" The Captain: I did. The policeman got on the box. Mr. Hamilton Bickett, of No. 1, Percival-terrace, Brighton, corroborated in most particulars Captain Campbell, and said: The remarks made by the defendant attracted the notice of some men with a truck, and they began chaffing. I saw

nothing in the complainant's conduct unbecoming a gentleman. Police-constable Henry Walton, 161 C, said: The complainant spoke to me in South Audley-street. I saw a brougham coming towards me, and the defendant, who was inside, called out to the complainant. The complainant gave the defendant in charge for annoying him, and I went to the station with her, riding on the box. At the station the defendant was very excited but I cannot say it was from drink. She said she had kept the complainant for years. Inspector Wilson: I was present when the defendant came to the station and she was very excited through drinking freely. It was from drink most decidedly. Mr. Giffard addressed the magistrate on the complainant's behalf, contending that the case was not made out against the defendant, and that no person could be said to be a gentleman who had used such a term as "common prostitute" towards a female with whom he had been on such terms as was shown to have existed between them. The fact was, the complainant had saluted her in an offensive and taunting manner, and she retaliated; and if not on friendly terms, it certainly was not proper for a gentleman to kiss her hand to a lady. Mr. Knox said it had been an ordinary case he should have ordered the parties to be bound over and the costs to be halved. He believed the complainant had kissed his hand in a jeering manner, and then all the rest followed. If the complainant had wished to avoid the defendant, he could have easily turned away, and carried out his purpose. The summons was dismissed.

MARYLEBONE.

A PAINFUL CASE.—Charlotte Ward, aged 17, and of the address No 7 Paddington-street, was charged with felony. Thomas Youngman, dealer in horses living at 33 Upper Montague-street, said: The prisoner is my step-daughter. On the 4th of August she left my house, taking with her a sawl and mantle. I did not see her again till I was fetched by sadwick, 143 D, to the station-house on the previous evening. I am compelled to bring her here, she having run away from her home several times. Felice Youngman, aged fifteen, half-sister, as she called herself, of prisoner, said: On the 4th of August I went by direction of my mother to the Great Western Railway Station, and saw my sister by the side of a train about to start. I asked for my mother's coach, and she gave me a black ticket. I said, "Lotty, what have you in the parcel?" She said, "A sawl; and take it home and place it in the place from where I took it, so that my mother shall know nothing about it." I took the parcel, and prevailed on my sister to return to her home, which she did, but on my moving at the bell she ran off, and I did not see her again till she was in charge. Mr. Yardley: How many times has she left her home? Mr. Youngman: No less than ten. The mother, after stating that she had given her daughter a good education, said: She ran away about two years ago, without any reason whatever. The last occasion she was at Birmingham for three weeks, which place I have fetched her from before. How she obtained the money to go there upon the first occasion I cannot tell, but the second time of her going she took a sovereign from the pocket of my husband's trousers. She stayed with some friends there. Upon each occasion of bringing her back I told her to be a good girl and assist in the house, and she should be forgiven, and always treated well. Some days she would go on well, and some days she would not. As she had so often left home, I thought the best way to reclaim her would be to let her to her, and let her work as she liked and play as she liked. She improved in her conduct, and we placed her in an establishment in Oxford-street in order that she might learn a business. We were going to pay a premium with her, but the mistress, on account of her stopping away so often during the four months she was there, refused to take her. Mr. Yardley: There is one question which I must put to you. I must ask you whether you think she has been a prostitute. The mother: I am afraid she has, sir. Mr. Yardley had the whole of the foregoing evidence repeated to the prisoner, who was very deaf, and asked her if she had any complaint to make against her parents. Prisoner said she was always well treated by them. Mr. Yardley: And this is the return you make for such kindness? Your conduct seems to be breaking your mother's heart. It is a painful case; and if you were not beyond the age to be sent to a reformatory you would be a proper party to send to one. I think I shall be only doing my duty if I send you for a long term of imprisonment, at the expiration of which time your mother will, I am sure, be willing to receive you again to her home as it is well known that mothers are generally long-suffering in their dispositions. I am certain she will after this give you another trial, of which you must avail yourself. Your mother tells me candidly, and I believe her, that she has tried to reclaim you in every judicious way; but still her kindness and conduct towards you do not seem to have brought forward the desired fruit. She has taken you back many times, till at last she seems to think it is hopeless now to attempt to try and make another effort to reclaim you. With a desire for your future welfare, I feel it is my duty to sentence you to hard labour for six calendar months. The mother, sister, and stepfather upon the sentence being pronounced, burst into tears, whilst the young prisoner slipped lightly from the dock, and was removed to the cell.

A SAD CASE.—Frances Foote, a young married woman, was charged before Mr. Yardley under the following circumstances. Sergeant Mason, 25 S, gave evidence which went to show that by the direction of his superintendent, who had received a letter, he went to 31, Circus-street, Hampstead-road, where he saw the prisoner and her mother. The latter said her daughter lived very unappetently with her husband, who had threatened her life, and in order to put an end to her existence she took a large quantity of laudanum on the previous Tuesday. A short time ago her husband held a broadsword over her, and said he would cut her head off. On another occasion he had a knife in his hand and threatened to run her through. On one occasion she had to jump out of a window to escape his violence. She said his conduct was so brutal that she could not endure it any longer. Mr. Yardley (to the prisoner): The law will protect you from your husband's violence. Why not come here? If your husband is the brute you represent him, he would be glad to hear of you destroying yourself. Has he beaten you lately? The wife (who was allowed to be seated, she being very weak): He is always drunk and striking me. I have summoned him before the court. He would not keep his word, for he came home drunk that same night and beat me. I have two young children. Mr. Yardley: Have you no regard for them? Wife (crying): Yes, sir. Mr. Yardley: Then why go and deprive them of their best protector? Wife: It is my love for them that has made me put up with my husband's brutality so long. Mr. Yardley: Would you like to take a summons out against your husband for his ill-treatment? Wife: I should. The poor woman was then handed over to her friends, and a summons granted against the husband free of expense.

THE WAY TO PROSECUTE THE SMALL POX.—Sophia Edwards, aged 47, of 8, Little Essex-street, Lisson-grove, described as of no occupation, was charged with having two sheets and a bedtick in her possession, supposed to be stolen, the same being the property of the directors and guardians of the parish of St. Marylebone. Thomas Tompkins, 221 D, said: This morning I was called to Exeter-street, where there was a disturbance, and on arriving there I saw the prisoner having an altercation with her husband. She said she had five sheets belonging to her which she wanted, and the husband said he had only two belonging to her. I found that she had two sheets in her possession belonging to the Marylebone workhouse, with their mark upon them, as well as a bedtick. Mr. Yardley: Is there any one here to state whether these things belong to the workhouse? Constable: She said they were given to her by the matron. (The warrant officer of the parish) said: They do belong to the parish, and the matron has told me that she did not give them to the prisoner. Mr. Yardley: Is the matron here? Race: No, your worship. Mr. Yardley: I cannot see evidence here what the matron said to you. She ought to be here. Race: I know that the two sheets now produced have come out of the small-pox ward. Tompkins the constable, took up the sheets and bedtick, and began opening them out, when Mr. Yardley said: Have they been washed? Prisoner: No, sir. Mr. Yardley: Then do not shake them about here. Take them out. Prisoner, who was much distressed, said: I have been an inmate of the small-pox ward for eight weeks, in a very bad state. When I left, the nurse Rowland said these things to me for 1s. 6d. Race: There is a nurse named Rowland in the house. We have missed four dozen sheets within a very short time from the ward. Mr. Yardley: Why do you bring those sheets and bedtick into a close and crowded court like this, well knowing that they had not been washed? Race: I thought they ought to be produced. Mr. Yardley: As the matron is not here, the prisoner is discharged. It may be mentioned that the prisoner was brought to the court at eleven o'clock, and, together with the sheets and bedtick, was placed in the prisoners' charge room, where already there were several prisoners awaiting their hearing, which did not take place till past four o'clock in the afternoon.

WORSHIP STREET.

FLOGGING WITH THE BIRCH.—William Stephen Pratt, twelve years old, the son of a cowkeeper in Dalston, was charged with stealing two silver spoons, the property of his father, worth between three and four shillings. It was proved that the boy had admitted the theft, and stated that he had sold them at the shop of a jeweller and watchmaker. This was not the first time the prisoner had been guilty of similar acts, and his parents wished to see what could be done to cure him. Mr. Partridge said he thought the best punishment for the boy would be a good flogging. He therefore ordered the means of executing the order, since there was no other legal mode attached to this court, but the question was sent to the Bench, who were by brought up under a similar circumstance, and were unanimous in giving the boy a severe flogging. This was accordingly

done, and his own son being ordered the same punishment, both boys were flogged with the same rod.

SOUTHWARK.

DRUNKENNESS AND DESPERATION.—Elizabeth Owen, a young woman, about 20 years of age, without cap or basket and who appeared in a very excited state, was placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham, charged with attempting to commit suicide at Blackfriars bridge. Police-constable 77 L said that about three o'clock on the previous Thursday morning he was on duty in the Blackfriars-road, when his attention was called to the west steps of Blackfriars-bridge on the Surrey side. On proceeding there he saw the prisoner dripping wet in the arms of a young man. The latter told him that as he was passing the end of the bridge he saw the prisoner hurriedly pass him and run down the steps. Suspecting her intention, he followed her and caught hold of her just as she had jumped into the river. With some difficulty he dragged her out, and then witness came to his assistance. The prisoner seemed much excited and tried to get away, but he locked her up. Mr. Burcham: Did she appear to have been drinking? Witness: Yes, sir, she smelt very much of drink. Mr. Burcham (to the prisoner): What have you to say in answer to the charge? Prisoner: Nothing, sir. I had been drinking too much. The constable here informed his worship that the prisoner told him she had had a quarrel with her friends, and she ran away from home. She was very much excited. Mr. Burcham (to the prisoner): Will you promise to go home to your friends and not attempt such a wicked act again? Prisoner: I have no home now. I have left it. Mr. Burcham: Where do your friends live? Prisoner: I decline to tell you, as I don't want to go back to them. Mr. Burcham told her that he could not part with her under those circumstances. He should therefore remand her for a week, so that she might have the attention of the chaplain of the goal, and her friends could be communicated with. The prisoner was then removed, declaring that she would never return to her friends.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—Mary Mack, a well-dressed young woman, was brought before Mr. Burcham, charged with being concerned with others not in custody in assaulting Charles Fox and robbing him of a valuable gold watch. The prosecutor, an officer in the navy, said that on the previous night, about nine o'clock, he came from Woolwich with a lady, and at the terminus he was about to hand her into an omnibus to proceed to the West-end. His watch was then in his waistcoat pocket, attached to a gold chain. Suddenly a man came towards him and struck him a violent blow, and he felt his watch go. Witness turned round to seize the man who had stolen his watch, when the prisoner thrust herself between them, and said, "Oh, he's had enough; let him go." A mob surrounded him, and the man escaped; but feeling satisfied that the prisoner was connected with him, he seized hold of her and gave her into custody. Mr. Burcham asked him if he had previously seen the man and the prisoner together. Witness replied that he had not; but before the man came up the prisoner blocked up the way. As soon as he found that he had been robbed, and the man had escaped, he followed the prisoner, and took her into custody. In answer to the charge, the prisoner said she came up by the railway, and was endeavouring to get into the omnibus, when the gentleman pushed her on one side to put a lady in. There was a crowd about, and he saw the prosecutor punching a man. She merely asked him not to ill-treat the man any more, when he seized hold of her, and charged her with being concerned in stealing his watch. She knew nothing whatever about the man. Mr. Burcham said that there was not sufficient evidence to detain the prisoner, but in discharging her he cautioned her, as she was well known to this court.

A CURIOUS ROBBERY.—Elizabeth Mitchell, a decent-looking young woman, who appeared to be suffering from a choking sensation, owing to a sovereign sticking in her throat, was placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham charged with stealing twelve sovereigns, the property of William Hickling. The prosecutor said he was an excavator residing in William-street, Old Kent road. On the previous Thursday afternoon he received six £5 notes, and fifteen sovereigns, his portion of a contract, and deposited it in his purse. In the course of the evening he fell in with the prisoner, and kept out drinking with her all night and part of the next day. He spent about a sovereign, and at the close of that day he accompanied her to a lodging-house in Kent-street, when they had more refreshments. He had at that time twelve sovereigns and the six £5 notes safe. A little while after that he fell asleep, and woke up suddenly, when he saw his purse in the prisoner's hand. He snatched it from her, and on opening it he found only three sovereigns and a half in it. He spoke to her about it, and asked where the other money was, and when she saw he was determined she went to the bed, put her hands under the clothes and handed him the six £5 notes. As soon as he got possession of them he did not like to call a constable in, but he remained with her until the next day, and while they were out he spoke to a constable, and then she ran off. She was, however, pursued and taken into custody by 57 M, when she denied having taken a farthing from him. Sarah Ann Fensum, the female searcher, said that as soon as she commenced searching the prisoner she put her hand to her mouth and swallowed something which rattled like gold. A constable was sent for, but no gold could be got out of her mouth. At last some gold stuck fast in her throat, and a doctor was compelled to be sent for, but one of the pieces could not be abstracted. It was still sticking hard and fast in her throat. The prisoner, who could hardly articulate, made a rambling statement, saying that the money found on her belonged to her, and the sovereign slipped down her mouth by accident. Mr. Burcham remanded her, and directed her to be conveyed instantly to Horseman-gate-gate, so that she might have the attention of the medical officer.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE OF A FEMALE AT WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—Mary Fentum, a respectable-looking young woman, was placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham, charged with attempting to commit suicide on the Surrey side of Westminster-bridge. Mr. Patrick M'Hugh, a gentleman residing near St. James's-park, said that at about eleven o'clock at night he was proceeding towards home, and just as he was stepping on to the bridge he heard an altercation below near the river's edge. A female voice was calling out, "I will—I am determined to do it;" while another was screaming for help. He instantly ran down the steps, and saw the prisoner struggling with another female, and her clothes were nearly torn off. Witness immediately took hold of the prisoner, and led her up the steps, when he asked her why she had been screaming so. Her sister, who was with her, told him that they had quarrelled, and she ran down the steps, threatening to drown herself, but she followed her and stopped her. Witness asked the prisoner whether she had intended to commit suicide. She replied that she had, and was determined to do it. He accordingly handed her over to a constable. Mr. Burcham asked the prisoner what answer she had to make to the charge? She replied that she never intended to commit suicide. The fact was, that she had been out with her sister and a young man all the evening, and they had words. When she came to the end of the bridge, she rushed down the steps for a lack to frighten them, that was all. Mr. Burcham: But you told this gentleman that you meant to commit suicide. Prisoner: Oh, that was in a passion. I can assure your worship that I never intended to commit such a wicked act. Not for all the world, sir. Mr. Burcham: Will you promise me not to do so again, and go home with you sister? Prisoner: I will, sir. You may be sure, sir, I shall never get into such a scrape again. Mr. Burcham: You are discharged this time, but be careful to curb your temper, or you may one of these days place yourself in a very serious position. The prisoner then left the court with her friends.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—Benjamin Clark, a smartly-dressed fancy man, and Richard Street, an elderly man, who described himself as a wholesale boot and shoe dealer, Portland New-town, was charged with stealing a watch from the person of William Spencer. The prosecutor said he was a stationer, and carried on business at 31, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. About nine o'clock on the previous night he came up from Dartford by the North Kent Railway, and at the end of the terminus he was about to hand his wife into a Citizen omnibus. A mob collected about the spot, and they were pushed about very violently, and he saw the prisoner Clark put his hands partly round his waist, and he heard at the same time a clicking noise. Suspecting his watch had been stolen he looked down and perceived the chain hanging loosely down, and at his feet was the ring of the watch. Clark was going away when witness caught hold of him and told him he wanted him for stealing his watch. An omnibus came up then and he went towards it, but witness told him he should not go. The other prisoner was standing there, and Clark said to him, "Father, jump up, never mind this chap." Witness, however, detained him, and when a constable came up he gave them both into custody. Mr. Burcham asked if he saw the old man do anything. Witness replied that he did not, but when the other called him father he thought they were both connected. Both prisoners said they were respectable tradesmen, but not acquainted with each other. Street said he was a wholesale boot and shoemaker at Portland New-town, and had been to Woolwich on business, when he endeavoured to get up an omnibus to take him home. He heard some altercation between the prosecutor and the other prisoner, when he was induced to look down for his own watch, and to his dismay, he perceived that some one had broken it from the chain. As soon as he heard that the other prisoner was charged with stealing the prosecutor's watch, he said, "What likely he has stolen my watch, and I'll follow to the station-house." When he got to the latter place he was also given into custody. Police-constable 29 M said that Street's chain was broken, and he had no watch, but the prosecutor persisted in giving them both into custody. Mr. Burcham observed that in this case there was not sufficient evidence to support the charge, therefore in the prisoner must be discharged. Both prisoners threatened to bring actions against the prosecutor.



SCENE OF THE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE. (See page 152).

WRECK OF A PASSENGER STEAMER OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

ONE of those unfortunate, but happily rare, instances of the wreck and sinking of a passenger steamer occurred on Saturday afternoon, but most providentially no lives were lost. The steamer *Her Majesty*, well known at Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, belonging to the Isle of Wight and Port of Portsmouth Steam-packet Company, was in the habit, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, of being with-

drawn from her regular passages to make excursions round the island. On Saturday, about half-past eleven o'clock, she left Portsmouth, calling at Ryde, having a tolerably numerous company on board, but the wind was blowing strong from the north-west at the time. All went on well until the arrival nearly off Barmbridge Point, at the back of the island, when, it is supposed, in consequence of hugging the shore too closely, she struck upon a sunken rock, which are very common upon this coast, knocking a hole in her bottom, through

which the water soon began to make its way. The greatest alarm was manifested amongst the passengers, but as soon as the captain could get the vessel off the rock he drove her nearer to the shore, and, by means of boats, the whole of the passengers were landed. Several pilot boats were fortunately near at the time, and rendered very great assistance to the passengers. They were afterwards put on board, we were informed, other vessels, and safely conveyed to their respective destinations at Ryde and Portsmouth. The vessel afterwards filled and sank.



SEPOYS RETURNING INTO LUCKNOW AFTER A SORTIE. (See page 152.)



THE CALM BEFORE A STORM.

Literature

SWEETHEART NAN;

OR, THE PEASANT GENTLEMAN'S DARLING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER."

CHAPTER XX.

STAUNCH BROTHERS

THOSE few hurried words were all Nelly Villiers heard.

The next moment the door was closed upon him; but I am privileged to follow the brothers into Gilbert's room. The informants from whose narratives I tell this tale I do not mention as such, but the reader will have little difficulty in divining whence I learnt this piece of intelligence or that. When the battle is over, and peace is plentiful, then the combatants sit down and tell the tales of their wars. Somewhere in a corner is a man, who notes what is said. He carries the prattle away; and, sometime or another, behold a history of the battle, which we owe to the man in the corner.

Well, here, I am the man in the corner. The battle, the rage, the anger have now past away, and what I have to do is to marshal the events in their order as they came about.

"Do you know why I don't want you to marry Sweetheart Nan?" Gilbert said, quickly, and taking his brother's hands.

"Yes," she has told me, or, rather, given me to understand what is the reason. God bless you, brother Gilbert! I had no idea of the matter."

"She—she has told you?"

"Yes, dear old Gil. You might as well have told me; it would have been more brotherly to speak out. Why, brother Gil, I would not stand in your and Nan's way to save my ears."

The effect upon Gilbert Dorton by the utterance of these words was quite beyond description. If you have seen a man to whom it is gradually proved that all his past conclusions and beliefs are wrong, you can then comprehend the inexplicable stupidity which settled upon the surgeon's face as he heard these words.

"She has told you," he said, "and yet you call her dear Nan? She has told you, and you couple her name with mine?"

"She has told me, dear Gil, that you are the man who pulled her out of the sea! Then I remembered your saying you were downright gone in love with some one you had got out of the water, and then I guessed—"

"That I loved her!" Gilbert ejaculated. Then, after a pause, he added, "And that is all she told you?"

"All; but I saw how moved she was as she spoke; the galloping—we were galloping—couldn't have made her words shake. Look here, Gil; I think you love her, and I'm pretty well sure she loves you. I saw the tears in her eyes when she spoke to me about your pulling her out of the water; and God knows, Gil, I wouldn't stand in the way of either of you. Go and tell her so, Gil—go and tell her at once."

"He doesn't suspect," Dorton thought.

The younger brother continued.

"You're quite right, brother Gil. It would be awful for me to marry a woman who loved you. You know she told me, when she accepted me, that she did not love me; but that she should soon be able to. She was wrong; and so, I dare say, she knew when she saw you. Go to her, Gil, and tell her I'm off, and will never see her again, unless you and she call me home. I understand Gil, when you said the marriage couldn't be, you had found out that she loved you. You would have held back about yourself and said nothing; but when you saw she thought more of you than of me, you knew it was best to speak. So it was. Go to her, Gil, and tell her I shall be prouder to be her brother than her husband. I'll go away, and if you call me back, I dare say I shall be all right then; but why don't you speak, old fellow?"

A pause, and then Dorton said, loudly, "Yes, I loved her."

"And you do, don't you?"

"And when I saw her again, I loved her more; but as my sister, I thought I hid it, but it seems I didn't; and you've found it out, lad, and now you reproach me with it. Yes, you do, though you

don't think you do. Well—well; I looked upon you as my son, rather than my brother; and one father ought to complain no more than another that children can be ungrateful."

"Ungrateful, brother Gil?"

"Yes, ungrateful. I've done my best for you to prove that I am not selfish, and now you come and accuse me of greed—for it must be greed to take from you the woman you might have married."

"Might have married! You say you do not love her."

"No; I pity her."

"What for?"

"No matter. All I can say is that this marriage must not take place."

"Look here, brother Gil—as we are a couple of Englishmen who don't get very sentimental, so I'll only say that I am as clear-headed as a man can be on the matter of all I owe you, and all you've done for me. No father could have done more. But there are times when a son should disobey a father; and such a time would be when that father, having welcomed a woman as his son's wife, tells his son to throw her off like an old glove, and without a word to make him outright insolent. You say you don't love Nan, and that your reason for declaring she and I cannot marry is not that she loves you. Then I think I have the best right to know what you mean, brother Gilbert, and I ask you to speak out plainly and candidly."

The surgeon had grown very pale by this time.

"You had better leave the affair in my hands, Eddy!"

"No—I should be less than a man if I did anything of the kind!"

"At all events, Pomeroy, I hope we are not going to quarrel."

"I know myself better than that, Gil. But I ought to have an explanation. Why do you say I must not marry her?"

"Because—"

"Why do you hesitate?"

"I say again—you had much better leave everything in my hand. If I told you, there might be a scene, and we both hate scenes."

"Only by telling me can you have any power to stop this affair." Dorton hesitated, tried to speak, and failed.

"Well, Gil, what do you say?"

"Pomeroy, look me steadily in the face."

The younger brother did so fearlessly; indeed, with such purpose that it was the elder who quailed, strong as he knew himself to be, in a just cause.

"Pomeroy, why do you seek this marriage so eagerly?"

Thus far they were gazing tenderly at each other.

"Because I love her."

"No other reason?"

Still they were steadily watching each other's eyes.

"Could I have a better reason?"

Here it was that Gilbert, conquered, suddenly drooped his head.

"Brother Gil, what is your secret? Speak out, if you love me!"

"Wait a bit—wait till to-night. I tell you, lad, I'm afraid to open my mouth. There might be a scene, and we hate scenes."

"No, brother, there would be no scene, but you would take a great load off my mind."

"Wait till to-night. This very evening shall settle the business. Leave me to myself, Pomeroy; it's all the company I'm fit for. To-night shall end this affair either one way or the other."

After a few more words Pomeroy left the room, no nearer the revelation of the secret than at the beginning of the conversation between the brothers.

After the lapse of a few moments the younger brother, passing under the window of the elder, Gilbert started up and looked after the young baronet with a wearied countenance, and thought lowly (if the expression can be permitted me), "Could he have looked me in the face had it been so?"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMONS.

HAVE you ever bought a skittish horse? No. Very well, then, you require a certain experience which you might apply to matrimony. The skittish horse knows in a moment when the rein is in

a new hand, and he or she—let us say the skittish horse is a mare, and then she will be apposite,—she, I say, the moment she discovers the new hand, will lay back her ears and begin to see who shall be master. It is true that if she gets the upper hand the entire concern will come to smash; but of this the skittish mare cares or knows naught; on she goes, ears flat on her head and champing at the bit, which is not snapped through, nevertheless. Now you will begin to show yourself in your true light. If you are a bad whip, why it will be worse for yourself, and the mare too; but if you are clever at the reins, you will begin to show that you know all about it. On the mare will go, you keeping her head up, and letting her have her way very decidedly as to pace. At last she has had enough of it, and drops into a walk. Now is your time. She has gone ahead for her own pleasure, and should now be made to gallop for yours. Whip away. The mare will show a little opposition at first; but in a very short time she will convince herself that she has got her master, and then the arrangement will be the better for both parties. Now sell your whip and the bargain is complete. The mare will understand you—you will understand the mare—and no difference of opinion will exist.

Far be it from me to talk about driving in reference to matrimony; and as to a whip, why it is quite absurd to hold it up for a moment. I have merely used that instrument figuratively. The fact is, there can be but one master in a house, and if the man gives way he deserves to be beaten.

It was the wisdom of Solomons, as a husband to be, that he would not give way. As he said, "A place for everything, and everything (including a wife), in a proper place." Mrs. Helps might be "missus" in the house, but he would be dash-dashed if she was to be master. And it was this determination which made him desire that when Mrs. Helps went down for her little wants to the village, she should fetch him just a yard or so of bright pink ribbon. Mrs. Helps had agreed with charming alacrity; but, nevertheless, she wondered what on earth Mr. Solomons could possibly want with just a yard or so of bright pink ribbon. "I couldn't wear it," she remarked to herself; "and I don't think he wants it for himself."

He did not; but Mr. Solomons had decided to strike while the iron was hot; and, having at last got to the end of that very long lane which turned into matrimony, he was turning with a will.

The simple fact stood, that he had determined to tone Mrs. Helps down by a variety of acts of small authority, just to show of what he was capable, should she at any future time try to reassert her widowed dignity. And one of these little acts was, the requesting of Mrs. Helps to purchase that pink ribbon, which he intended to present to—Becker-Marier.

"Becker-Marier," said he to that young woman, when she brought in the tea-pot, and the hot buttered cake, at five, into the housekeepers-room,—"Becker-Marier, you're a credit to young women, for you take advice while yer m-y, knowin' time will not stay."

"Yes, and the which stay you need not, Becker-Marier," said Mrs. Helps, clicking the tea-cups; "and go and fold the linen in No. 3 press-room—go along. Mr. Solomons wants a quiet cup o' tea and a bit o' cake."

"Never eat till you want to, nor drink till you can't help it—such was the proverb, Mrs. H. and let the tea cool. When you've a nail to knock into a wall and a hammer and a nail—as the baker said to the young man when he offered him the fl-pun-note—don't hesitate. Becker-Marier, you're a good gal, and you has yer hummerelley always ready for the rain. It's the early bird that gathers the moss, Becker-Marier, and you've not been a rolling stone."

"Lard, Mr. Solomons," said Becker-Marier, "I be a parlor-naid."

"You are a gal," said the Solomons in his wisdom, waving away the young woman's remark—"a gal as knows a step in time saves twenty, and a stitch in the side a warning there's summat wrong which early attention will perwidge against. If Solomon said 'Let him as earns the bread eat it; then, this I say, 'Let her the cap fits, trim it with pink ribbons'."

Here, Mrs. Help who had remarked, "The which very good it is," a score of times, set down the tea-pot, and drew herself up. She saw the attack.

"Which some day, Becker-Marier, yer may meet with one as shall attract yer high. Then thus I say, as as sows thistles 'ull not

reap early cabbages; and this I would add, look afore you leap, across it's no use a looking a ter—if yer trust afore yer've tried, yer may repent afore yer've died."

"Very—very good," said Mrs. Helps, who had again resumed the teapot.

"Becker-Marier, what are yer sentiments?"

"Well, Mr. Solomons, thou hast made my jar ache worse than ever!"

"Becker-Marier, have it out—better no tooth nor a holler one. Becker-Marier, open yer hand. There's a yard or so o' pink ribbons: put 'em in a cap!"

"Lard, Mr. Solomon, Mrs. Helps won't let I wear pink ribbons!"

"The which the young person's character were gone at once!"

"Then, Mrs. H., you will let Becker-Marier's character go?"

"Which, Mr. Solomons, far from me it were to say you wrong, but pink ribbons, and such a pink, for bright I bought it, and—perhaps once or twice which, when it's your birthday, Becker-Marier should be most happy myself to see!"

"Lard, Mrs. Helps, Boley 'ud slap oi on the head if oi war'd pink strings, and oi thank 'ee, Mr. Solomons!"

"The which you can go, Becker-Marier!"

"Go she may," said Solomons, grandly, and this the young woman did holding up her "jar" as though she were afraid it was going to fall off.

"You look moved, Meggie Helps."

"Aperiently so," the housekeeper replied—"aperiently so; and which, if ask I were why such it was, should I an answer get?"

"Oh, yes—as the young 'oman said when the poet offered her his heart and lute, though it were not much to settle down upon."

"Which what it means I know not where, and knowing no more whether on my heels or head, or seated like a decent creature."

"Mrs. H., widda as was and no longer to be, him as would eat the kernel must crack the nut; and werry hard I find you to crack, as the squirrel said to the bullet."

"Which any woman, young or old, if not middle-aged, were justified such carrying on, Saul David, to oppose!"

"Ha, and where are we now, Mrs. Helps?—as the washerwoman o' fine things said to her tub when the bottom fell out."

"The which, if I know myself, Mr. Solomons, which you don't to know appear, my private opinion being you've been a drinking; and a little, certainly very strong. Where we are in my room, and the tea poured out, though touch one drop I can't."

"Try two."

"If a young woman preferred, the which an old woman supposed I may to be, and—"

"Many," said Solomons, hooking his right forefinger and raising it high—"many a good drop o' broth is made in an old pot."

"Which I think I shall go into a faint," said Mrs. Helps.

"Then there'll lay till yer thinks ye'll come out of it again, as the pig said to the lady when she dropped into the wash-trough."

"David Saul Solomons!" said Mrs. Helps suddenly, and as though she had just discovered it—"which you're a brute!"

"No, Meggie, I'm a gardener. Take time by the forelock, hold on to the edge o' the table and scream it out. If when natur' wants rest, you're to do her best, then if yer wants to scream out, go it, as the jockey said to the race-horse."

"The which if you'd kindly pass the little bottle of smellin' salts I think I could bless you, Solomons."

"Trust to natur'."

"The which I know not what by it you mean you do."

"This yere Early sow, early mow, as the boy o' fourteen said when he shaved ev'ry Sunday."

"The which, Solomons, tis too much."

"Never make a mountain of a mole-hill, as the ant said to the tortoise."

"Oh, what shall I do?"

"Make the tea."

"Which is made."

"Then let us drink it, as the fox said when he found the bottle o' brandy."

And now it was that Mr. Solomons had his eye upon Mrs. Helps. Mrs. H. saw her way to taking up her tea-cup and emptying it. And then it was a good job she set her china down, for the tea could not have settled before Solomon's arm was round Mrs. Helps's waist.

"A good dog deserves a good bone, as the terrier said to his master when he got the tuppenny nail for dinner. And now just you yere me. This is only a sample of how I'll go on if yer go off the rails. Only you steam along easy, Meggie Solomons—for sich it soon will be—and you'll manage me as though I were a loggago wau; but only run off a rail, and I shall be down on yer like a raverlarch. Give me another cup o' tea."

"The which it's for better and worse, and if more o' the latter, why as good as a continual feast is the contented mind. But, Solomons, draw the line."

"I will, as Guy Fawkes said when they asked him to sky the parliament."

"For if that line you pass it were to go, I know not where the consequences they might be. Draw a line, Solomons, after we've been over to church in the yellow cart, and please get a steady horse, or pitched on my head, never Mrs. S. to be; and draw a line, whatever else you do, or what them consequences may be I do not know. Come in."

These last words were in answer to as awkward rap on the door as had ever been heard. It seemed like a tap which had lost its way and was almost afraid of finding it.

Came in Mr. Boley, in a coat with a collar so high, and a hat so far on the back of his head, that from behind the young man appeared to have no neck to swear by. He had also got a blue cravat on like a small jack-towel, and a large silver watch which stuck out like a wen in his waistcoat pocket.

Young Boley will be remembered as the young man who took such good care of himself on the night of the duel, and who had given certain particulars of what he had seen, or fancied he had seen, on the night in question. Young Boley, in gardening costume, looked manly enough, but dressed to "go out," he looked like—like, in fact, nothing but Mr. Boley dressed to go out.

Asked what he wanted, young Boley gasped like a caught chub, and then said, "Mrs. Helps, ma'am, if these please, I be com from Becker-Marier, t'ask thee to let her oet for an hour, for her air. She promised to wed, and what's the good o' an hour to me, if Becker-Marier don't have her too? An' if these please, Mr. Solomons, my Becker-Marier don't want none o' thy pinkery stuff, an' may be thee'll take it back; an' if thee give I a month's notice I tell thee there be other places in the world than Oaklands."

Here the young man handed back that pink ribbon almost with the air of a gentleman. It is a trick virtue has. Solomons took the silk mildly—while Mrs. H. sat apart like a dignified and satisfied Queen Sheta, with a tea-pot.

"Fine words butter no pusnips," as them vegetables said to the cook, when she said they'd biled well. You've spoke as plain as yer look, Boley; and mind you and Becker-Marier are in afore ten, as the owner said to the winner o' the Derby."

"Boot Mrs. Helps has na g'd Becker-Marier leave."

"The which Mr. Solomons has expressed my impression—and home by ten, a proper hour; and—go."

But as Boley was turning away, Solomons stopped him. Solomons's eyes were fixed upon a glittering and apparently golden ornament dangling from Boley's watch chain. In answer to Boley's inquiry what was wanted, Solomons asked him where he had found the article in question.

Boley was doubtful at first, like the rustic in general, and then

he exclaimed that he had found it on the morning following the duel, and up in the staircase leading to the out-building occupied by Miss Villiers. As it had a hole in it, he (Boley) had fancied it a lucky coin, and strung it upon the guard of his silver turnip time-piece; and now going out for an "hour" with Becker-Marier, he, for the first time, sported the acquisition.

"It be soon kind of fortune coin, beent it, Mr. Solomons?"

"No, it beent it. It's to name, sweet home, as the thief said when he was o' the mill. It's a guinea o' George the Third's; an' if honesty's the best policy, young Boley, I'd recommend you to find an owner for it."

And thereupon Boley went, with his jaw fallen, but whether from the effects of Solomons' short sermon, or the fear of losing his treasure-trove, there is no telling.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WAR CONTINUED.

LATE in the afternoon which followed the meeting of the brothers, Lemmings met Edgar, moody and discontented, wandering in the home park. Lemmings also had something on his mind.

"Hia, lad," he commenced, "I'm mair glad to see thee—ah want to talk to thee about my lass after thee have wed her. The fact is, lad, thee should think a bit about me."

"You, Squire?"

"Yes. Thee must not keep my 'Sweetheart Nan' ari away from me. Ah have no other nor she. Thee'll let 'Sweetheart Nan' and I see each other after, and as though thee had neer seen us?"

"Certainly, Squire," the baronet answered, awkwardly.

"Thee'll not leave I ari to myself. Thee and Nan must coome soomtimes to I ok arter t'old man. See now—spring be a fine time for country—the good earth be coomin' green—the bit flowers be spearin' out o' the fields, an' the leaves be s' young an' small 't' little birds cannot hide themselves amooget branches. Thee an' Nan 'ull pass spring wi' me? Will'ee not?"

"Yes, Squire—yes."

"Hem! Ah shall get over three months," the Squire thought, and then he continued, "Then there be summer—summer be better in the country nor in Lunnon. Thee can walk wi' thy good wife in the shade o' trees in soommer time, and thee can go pullin' bright poppies an' blue carn-flowers. T' cream be fine o' soommer time—eh, an' the broad carn-fields ari a bloomin' be better nor Lunnon. Thee an' Nan will spend soommer in country?"

"If you wish us, Squire," Pomeroy said, barely knowing what were the words to which he gave utterance.

"Ah shall get over six months o' t' year," the Squire added in his thoughts; and then he once more continued, "As for t' autumn, ari Lunnon be in t' country in autumn, an' thee moost do like ari t' world o' Lunnon in autumn. The country be fine in autumn. It be the feast o' the sun, and ari the land be sunlit. It be joost as though the good God war sayin' to t' man he made, 'Thee have worked—see thy payment.' So thee and Nan will coome, without asking, in autumn?"

"Of course," said Pomeroy, as he felt the words traitorous towards his brother, the windows of whose room he could see as he talked with the happy, simple-hearted Squire.

"Hem! Ah have boot three months o' the year to get over now," the Squire thought; and then, looking sharply at Edgar, he continued, "thee moostin' and the moostin' be fine in winter in the country." Here he scratched his forehead, and then, clapping his hands together, he added, "Do thee loike shootin' and huntin', lad?"

"I? No, not at all," said Pomeroy, now really answering quite at random.

The Squire's face fell, and he scratched it. This operation apparently produced an idea, for his countenance immediately brightened, and he said, "Eh, thee and Nan had best stay in Lunnon durin' winter, and ah 'll coome an' stay wi' ye."

Then he thought to himself, "And thou shalt save ari my year." For, see you, the time he would pass away from 'Sweetheart Nan' he reckoned as lost time.

And he had just achieved this clever arrangement for him when the first dinner-bell rang, and startled Pomeroy into a knowledge of what was passing about him.

"I shall hardly have time to dress," he said, quickly; "and you had better be quick, Squire."

"Eh, lad, it takes not I long to dress."

I must now drag the reader once more to the after-dinner drawing-room. During the meal, a certain stupidity had slowly taken possession of the family—Lemmings alone excepted—and as gradually silenced them.

Nan was pouring out tea, an operation the Squire would have her perform, when Dorton broke the awkwardness which had taken possession of them by saying, "By the way, Miss Villiers, I shall leave the castle before you if you are not very express in taking your departure!"

"I purpose going the day after to-morrow, Dr. Dorton," Ellen Villiers replied, in a cold, calm voice.

"And I to-morrow!"

The one word was followed by a kind of shock which passed round the family circle.

Ellen Villiers, with her quick, penetrating sense, associated his intention with the unexplained exclamation of the previous evening. Sir Edgar looked upon the word as intimating that his brother was about to abandon him and his fortunes; while Annie and her father were surprised, and experienced that alarm of curiosity of which we have all some knowledge.

"Thee be going, lad—and where?" asked Lemmings.

"Where indeed, father?" said Nan; adding, "What does all this mean, Gilbert?"

"It means that I really must leave Oaklands to-morrow!"

"But it is clear, Gilbert Dorton, that your intention surprises your brother as much as it does us! See how surprised Sir Edgar looks!"

In these few words Ellen Villiers read a terrible warning. Nannie had called the Doctor by his Christian name—to her intended husband she had given his title.

"My brother did not know of my intention till you yourself became aware of it, Miss Lemmings."

Dorton was speaking with some austerity. It appeared to at least a couple of those present that he was assuming an odious superiority over the young lady of the house.

"So," Dorton continued, "as I shall start by the mail train, you will pardon me if I leave you to yourselves for a few minutes."

"And you will not tell us why you are going, Mr. Dorton?" Nan continued.

"There can be no need."

"And when will thee be back, Gilbert?" the Squire asked.

"I cannot tell, Dr. Lemmings; my business may keep me away for a long time."

"But thee will be back to marriage of 'Sweetheart Nan'?" asked Lemmings.

"No, Dorton," replied slowly; "I am quite sure I shall not be back for the marriage of—of Lady Pomeroy!"

Lemmings was a slow man to comprehend a word-wound Nan felt Dorton's thrust, but there was no blushing on her face as she answered, "You will have very little time to stay with us. Come here, sit down, and have a long chat with me. I think I must have offended you."

"One moment, Annie—I want to speak to my brother," said Edgar, starting; and so saying he came over to his brother, and was beginning to speak lowly, when Dorton imperiously said, "Speak out plainly, brother; I want no dars confidences."

By this time Dorton was assuming a tone which would have

almost justified his being pitched out at a window. He really spoke as though to a herd of extreme inferiors.

"Ah don't understand thee, lad," said Lemmings, in a voice which, compared with Dorton's, was extremely gentle and benignant.

"Now, Edgar Pomeroy, do you or do you not put yourself in my hands?"

The young baronet looked miserably from Nan to his brother over and over again, and then he said, "Brother Gilbert, do as you will."

"Then, Squire Lemmings," said Dorton, as a kind of triumph showed upon his face, which, however, appeared none the less cruel, "my brother leaves the house with me."

With that rapidity of rage which distinguishes such men as Lemmings, this latter leapt from his chair, crying, hoarsely, "What do thee mean—what do thee mean?"

"I mean," said Dorton, the contempt and cruelty intensifying on his face,—"I mean that my brother refuses an alliance with your daughter!"

Strange to say, spite of the shock which these words gave Annie Lemmings, they placed a kind of satisfied relief upon her face. But she was not any the less outraged.

"Ah will know what thee mean!" said the Squire—and striding to the great door of the room, he stood with his back against it.

"I mean what I say," said Gilbert.

"May I ask why Sir Edgar does not speak?" Annie said in a calm, self-governing tone.

"My brother leaves his cause in my hands, Miss Lemmings. He could leave it in no better. I desire that he does not speak to you."

This brutal insult brought the blood rushing into her face, and it caused Miss Villiers to start. Ellen put her hands quickly to Annie's, and said as distinctly as Dorton had spoken, "Dr. Dorton appears to have a mission for outraging women. It was my turn yesterday, and yours to-day, Annie."

"An' my turn—when be it my turn?" said Lemmings, striding to the brothers, his eyes so fierce, his lips so hard, that there was manslaughter rather than murder in them, for he looked mad with rage.

"I have nothing to do with you, Mr. Lemmings," Dorton continued. "I only add, we are ready to take the consequences of our act."

"An' why have ye stolen into an honest man's hoos to break his darter's heart? What did ye two mean by it? Ah will know what thee two meant by it."

Dorton hesitated.

He has since said, that in this case, as in others, he chose the less of two evils; so he replied, "Squire Lemmings, it's all a question of honour."

"Honour!" said the Squire, stretching out his right hand before his daughter, as though to protect her from the outrage of the word. "What do thee mean by honour?"

"I mean that—that Miss Lemmings's fortune is questionable. Whither came it? I have just heard that its origin was infamous. If this is so, she is no fit wife for my brother."

The Squire was now so far lost to what was done to himself, as to be advancing with clenched hands towards his guests. But the words of his daughter uttered stopped him.

"Father, this is not a question of my fortune."

Then turning to Dorton, she said very gently, "Dr. Dorton, will you see me alone?"

"I could refuse no reasonable request."

"Then pray look upon mine as reasonable. Will you see me alone?"

"Yes."

(To be continued in our next.)

INDICATIONS OF HYDROPHOBIA.

M. BOULEY's paper on this subject contains, on the first symptoms of hydrophobia, certain practical data which should be most extensively circulated. One of the most important circumstances calculated to excite suspicion is seeing a dog rub his chops with his forepaws as if he had some bone jammed between his teeth, or sticking in his throat. This is a very dangerous symptom, because the master, desirous of relieving his dog, will put his fingers into its mouth, and may thus receive a bite, which he may disregard until it be too late. A dog vomiting blood should also be attentively watched. Another striking symptom which reveals latent hydrophobia beyond any possibility of a doubt is the change of the tone and pitch of the animal's bark. Such a bark, once heard, is never forgotten, and can never be mistaken for any other. Instead of barking freely three or four times in succession, as it usually does, the animal utters one loud bark, and then three or four decreasing howls, during which the jaws are not closed together; moreover, the sounds emitted are hoarse, damped, and lower than usual. Under the influence of hydrophobia a dog will suffer pain in silence; it may be struck or pricked, wounded in any way, or even scorched, without uttering the slightest howl or whine; it feels the pain, since it tries to avoid it; but it certainly feels it less than in a state of health, because it will even bite itself unreluctantly. A dog of Count Demidoff's actually bit off its own tail in a fit of hydrophobia. If, then, a dog receives strokes with a horse-whip without whining, this circumstance should put the master on his guard. A mad dog will fly into a rage on perceiving an animal of its own species; this excitability in a quiet dog becomes a very serious symptom. Lastly, a dog labouring under the first symptoms of hydrophobia is apt to quit his master's house for a couple of days; and if not killed during that interval in some populous district where his condition has been discovered, he will return to his own dwelling in a far more dangerous state than when he left it, and rendered doubly so by the circumstance that the inmates will welcome the truant home with all sorts of caresses, which he is likely to repay with a deadly bite. A dog, therefore, that has been absent for a day or two, and returns in a dirty and haggard condition, must be very carefully watched before he is admitted to the same familiarity as before. These different symptoms are particularly valuable, because they will reveal the disease before it has reached a dangerous state.—*Galvani.*

GARIBALDI ON THE AMERICAN WAR.—The following letter has been addressed by Garibaldi to "Abraham Lincoln, liberator of the slaves in the republic of America."—"Capra, Angus: 6—If, in the midst of your battles of Titans, our voices may reach you, permit the free children of Columbus to approach you with words of good omen, and with admiration for the great work which you have undertaken. Inheritor of the idea of Christ and of Brown, you will descend to posterity with the title of Liberator, more enviable than a crown or any human treasure. An entire race of men, bound by selfishness in the chains of servitude, has been restored by you, and at the cost of America's noblest blood, to the dignity of man, to civilisation, and to love America, which taught liberty to our fathers, opens up anew the solemn era of human progress. As freemen, solemnise religiously the downfall of slavery. Hail, Lincoln, pilot of liberty! Hail to you, who for two years have been fighting and falling around its regenerating standard! Hail to you, race of liberated chain! The freemen of Italy kiss the bruises which your chains have produced.—GARIBALDI."

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living out this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Pudding, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BOWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—[Advertisement.]

